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of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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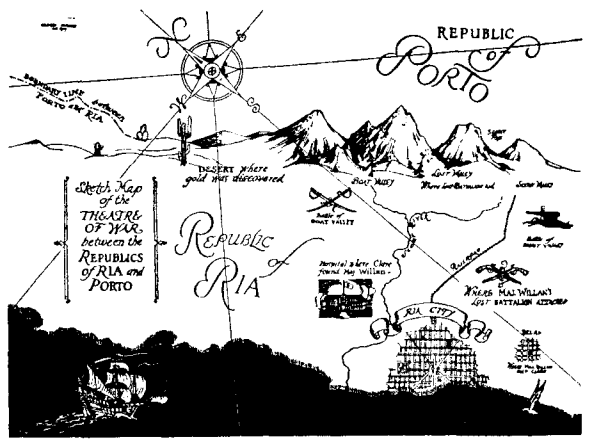
REPUBLIC of PORTO
Sketch Map of the THEATRE OF WAR between the REPUBLICS of RIA and PORTO
DESERT where gold was discovered
REPUBLIC of RIA
RIA CITY

Illustration for "Right Off the Map"

The Origin of Races

ENVIRONMENT AND RACE, a Study of Evolution, Migration, Settlement and Status of the Races of Man. By GRIFFITH TAYLOR. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON
Author of "The Character of Races"

SOME men are born to suggest ideas and others to prove them. Professor Griffith Taylor, leading Australian geographer and Antarctic traveler, is one of the few men who are preeminently originators of new ideas. Whatever he touches assumes an unusual aspect; whatever he writes is almost sure to bristle with points that challenge controversy, but are well worth considering. For some years he has been concerned with two big ideas, one dealing with the origin of races, and the other with the future of Australia. Having gathered together his scattered writings on these two topics, he has pruned them, clipped them, buttressed them with new facts, and fastened them together by the magic "environment" and "race." The result is a book which has certain highly outstanding qualities: First, it is full of meat; second, it is easy to read and highly interesting in the parts where the author gives rein to his powers of generalization, but difficult to follow where he curbs himself and sets down a huge array of detailed facts; third, it displays an extraordinary ability to summarize a vast amount of knowledge in a few paragraphs and especially in diagrams and semi-pictorial maps; fourth, the book teems with conclusions and methods which can easily be criticized; and fifth, it is equally full of ideas which are bound to form the basis of some of the liveliest and most valuable discussions of the next generation. Taylor often seems to be wrong—even his best friends think so—but he is a prophet, and we who criticize are likely to find that in many cases it is we, not he, who are wrong.

Where and how did the races of mankind originate? Professor Taylor accepts the prevailing idea that in the main they came from Asia, but he differs from everyone else in proving his point by a geographical study of the distribution of physical characteristics. His whole thesis is summed up in one of his extremely clever maps. In preparing this he has generalized most sweepingly. For that reason he has been criticized unmercifully, but that is just where he is strong. A more precise and less original man would fear to overlook many minor details. Yet it is only by brushing aside those details that the great general racial plan of mankind can be seen. That plan, as Taylor sees it, is that the races with the longest, lowest heads are the most primitive, and

(*Continued on page* 148)

The Pride and Pomp of Glorious War

Reflections on C. E. Montague's "Right Off the Map"

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"WAR," said the Greek, "is education by violence;" but the definition halts on its second term. Violence we know, from the island prisoner slaughtered by the Athenians, to the spurt of a machine-gun on a crumpling line, and war grows in magnitude with civilization, but there is an ironic twist in that word education. Science learns to fight more skilfully, but the more we are educated in the cause and cure of wars, the greater our perplexity.

The literature on the subject is extensive, and decidedly temperamental. There seems to be no common denominator. A library of books demonstrates to an unprejudiced mind the futility and waste of every war that has ever been fought with the exception of a few crucial battles which seem likely to prove on further analysis to have been futile and wasteful too. But these books keep off the simpler human causes of war, and ignore its by-products. They say much of bad politics and unregulated greed, but little of man's craving for excitement, much of public opinion evilly stirred up, but little of the suspicious mania latent in all mankind and rejoicing to be set free upon its work of destruction. Even William James's stout essay on "A Moral Substitute for War" is pallid reading after 1914-1918, for it is too clear that the mild alternatives he proposes will appeal only to men so civilized that they would avoid war anyhow if they could.

The economists give you different readings. Five years ago they were saying that so long as oil, iron, gold are unevenly distributed, there will be war; yet already the new school has reversed the opinion and maintains that since commodities must be had from all over the world, world wars will be against the interests of the producers, and international trade will become more powerful than nationalism. The thought is comforting but inconclusive. For if men fight on account of oil, they seldom fight for it, being more readily moved by race prejudice, manifest destiny, or other nostrums of the militarists. No economist can complete our education in violence.

* * *

The moralists are even worse off. War made heroes of many otherwise useless Europeans, and war made brutes or cynics of many once valuable citizens. It seems that while without patriotism a nation perishes, yet patriotism can wreck it also; and indeed our experience so far has proved neither that war is good, nor how to prevent it, and the clergy and the essay writers and everyone whose business it is to tell the people what to think have largely prophesied according to their own desires, using whatever argument from the general muddle was most convenient for their purposes. They also have been temperamental, and sometimes dishonest, and still oftener absurd. Christianity has been mobilized or demobilized with every change of mood.

And in the meantime, the great sluggish snake of public common sense crawls on its belly with its brains little affected by what goes on above its head. Either it dreads war and denies the probability of its coming, or it believes with a profound cynicism that war has got to come, but elsewhere, not to it. In either case the idealists go unheard, which, considering some of their ideals, is perhaps not entirely unfortunate.

We took war too seriously in 1914-1918 to be satiric about it, and, indeed, men and women old enough to be ironic were too exalted in mood or too weary in spirit. The optimists were seeing a new world which satire would have blighted, the pessimists were happy in the expectation that soon everything that they particularly disliked would be destroyed. As for the fighters and the workers, they were too busy to think. Barbusse's famous "Le Feu" was after all only a vivid description of the discomforts of trench warfare, Bertrand Russell's "Why Men Fight" was too analytic for satire, which loses potential when it begins to explain. "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" offered only the first of many new worlds to be populated by H. G. Wellses and run accordingly;—indeed, we were very serious, too serious for a situation which no one remedy except primitive Christianity (which nobody wanted) could possibly cure.

And after the war, at first we were sick of the whole business, and desirous only to get back to normalcy, a mathematical term which a not very intelligent man used in his gropings to express the each for himself and business first which he regarded (and perhaps rightly) as the normal condition of Americans. He was perfectly understood.

And afterwards came a thin trickle of reminiscences of war as it had been—picturesque, dirty, perilous, devoid of all ideals except carrying on and winning, yet always exciting. And these books, even when most bitterly frank as to sores, corruptions, diseases, and degeneracies, were more honest than the sermons and the summaries, for they warmed the imagination with a memory of days when there was always tension, when anything might break in the news, when you could be miserable but never merely dull.

Who can satirize war? Certainly not the pacifist. His love of adventure is too quickly sublimated into

*"Right Off the Map." By C. E. Montague. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1927. $2.50.

This Week

"The Chronicle of Clovis." Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*

"The Unconscious Beethoven." Reviewed by *Edward Burlingame Hill.*

"Impatient Griselda." Reviewed by *Gladys Graham.*

Latin American Studies. Reviewed by *Herbert I. Priestley.*

"Three Essays in Method." Reviewed by *Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.*

"Five Years in Turkey." Reviewed by Major *Sherman Miles.*

The Children's Bookshop.

The Wits' Weekly.

Next Week, or Later

Murder au Fait. By *Edmund Pearson.*

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zeal for the good of men. He can no more satirize war than a doctor can satirize disease germs. For satire is double-minded, having knowledge both of the cussedness of the evil and the relative worthlessness of the men who suffer by it. Certainly not the professional soldier. He knows too much and too little. Like Willan, the hero of the book which is the text for these reflections, he enjoys fighting, and you cannot satirize what you wholeheartedly enjoy even though you are skeptical of its moral values. Good fighters too are usually good sportsmen, and sportsmen are seldom philosophic enough for satire.

Journalists are better advantaged. They know what Common Sense usually means; they see the war process from its remote beginnings to its ultimate and usually unexpected ends; if they grease the wheels that roll toward battle, they know what they are greasing. Not that many journalists are philosophers, although it is hard to see how one can be a journalist without becoming at least philosophical. Nevertheless, if a Plato arises among them, he will have the Greek's opportunity of community with many minds.

If I had been allowed to suggest a candidate for satirist of the Great War, my choice would have been C. E. Montague, and now, in "Right Off the Map" (which is where the victorious Portans pushed the bumptuous Rians) he has done it. One of the great journalists, as distinguished from great reporters, great news distributors, great editors, of our time, he is a liberal, which is important for satire, for the driving force of satire is that hope for humanity which no die-hard really possesses. He knew war in his own person, which is important also. Swift could never have written "Gulliver's Travels" without a fiery baptism in politics of the state and church. And Montague's brilliant, incisive essays in "Fiery Particles" and " A Hind Let Loose" showed the right satiric mind not yet come to the *saeva indignatio* of satiric passion, but intelligent, humane, cutting when needed. Furthermore, his first novel, "Rough Justice," proved that he was a better writer than novelist. There he studied war in its effects upon a family, and there was too much war, too much family, too many ideas, and too little personality. It is types not persons that the born satirist must be after. And the types that make war and are made by it step into focus in this new story in which Montague finds his true *métier*.

* * *

Swift in his greatest book made two classes, the man-horse instinctively noble and the man-ape perversely vile. Montague divides his humanity into those who are honest and those who are not, but nobility and vileness may belong to either party. In wartime the good men are often dishonest, and heroes and villains may share moral and intellectual integrity, if nothing else.

We all knew and in this book find realized the good men who kept their moralities always a little behind the facts, who condemned by the Bible and forgave by the Bible with equal facility, who drove men to war with platitudes and stayed at home themselves, and always could tell what was right. We knew also the "stuffed shirts" of war time, those windy makers of a public opinion by which they lived, who used their genius for publicity to bring about events that they could neither control nor understand, well-meaning, influential men afraid of the crowd. We knew the honest types also, both bad and good; the erotic and neurotic women, for whom the war was like an adultery socially permitted, and an opportunity to be honest with their cravings for sensational reality. Bloodshed, danger, destruction vibrated their nerves like an electric massage. And we knew on the good side, the willing fighters, killers who must be reckoned non-social, and yet in person men of gentle face and loftiest manners. No pacifist has ever explained that seeming contradiction. And there was the pacifist himself who spends half a life time fighting war and then when war comes leaves his luke-warm friends to talk while he plunges to the front. They are all in this book: Bishop Case, that bombast of religion, Burrage the golden tongued and penned, a loud speaker open to any well directed wave, Rose, his sexually unstable wife, Brownell, who loves heroism and is afraid of adventure, Merrick, who knows war is silly and caddish but enjoys fighting, Willan, who loves fighting and wonders why the others let him have all the cakes and ale of life.

After this prelude, it is only fair to say that "Right Off the Map" is no essay on types of human nature, but a good story, exciting, splendidly conducted, and excellently written. Like "Erewhon," like "Gulliver's Travels," and all the good satires in English, it stands on its own narrative legs, and it is not necessary to be a philosopher in order to enjoy it. Ria is an engaging little country somewhere off in the Antipodes, where the land steps up from a tropic sea over the Big Slope through temperate zones of irrigated fertility on up to snowy ranges and Boat Valley leading into the rival republic of Porta. Ria is British made. Far away from a presumably supine England, the British breed have renewed their nationalism in Ria. Unlike Porta, where Germans, Americans, and others have established a bastard nation, the Rians have recovered race pride. They have restored the old bulwarks of Britain, an upper class that stands no nonsense, an educational system that educates the workers to work and the leaders to lead, and a sonorous press and still more sonorous clergy to spread the wholesome platitudes that make men subservient and nations consciously great. The realists in Ria are business men, and one Bute, a collector of Italian primitives, has made its industrial system more powerful than the state. He is one of Montague's honest villains, but his work is all off stage. He organizes while the more articulate Cases, Burrages, and Brownells, create a firm tradition of a Ria morally great, a nation fit to rule the world and capable of administering for humanity whatever Mr. Bute happens to want.

There is gold on the dubious border line between the republics. Bute has bought the press, Portan as well as Rian, except the *Voice*, edited by the moral Burrage, whose golden tongue can make the worse appear the better reason, or the better the worse. The war fever fans upward, supported by morality, for the workers are growing lax, fired by the romanticism of a nation believing itself fit. Burrage opposes, but Burrage is made by public opinion and its slave. His neurotic wife lashes at his sentimentality, he is frightened by a threat at his editorship, he is tricked into speaking to the crowd, and responds to the sentiment for war as a balloon to a draft of wind. He lets loose war and the bishop sanctifies it. So much is fate; but Willan hears him speak, and Willan is God's honest man, persuaded that this war at least can be enjoyed without puzzle and shame. And Willan matters more than Ria.

The Rians march gaily against the Portans in a campaign where romantic energy is smashed by scientific realism, narrated by a master reporter of modern war. After the rout, Willan leads off his remnant in desperate adventure to a lost valley from which he descends to the rescue of Ria City, too late, for Burrage has brought on surrender as he brought on war. And the end of Willan is the end of honest men who have faith in muddle-minded moralists and weak-willed fools.

* * *

As narrative this book is a joy. The pointed dialogue is set in gardens hanging on the Big Slope far above the rumbling city; the quick campaign moves in bursts of action; the faint exaggeration of everything in Ria, from wayside flower to moral superiority, is implied with excellent art. It would stir the imagination if there were no hint of irony. But in characterization, Mr. Montague is still too good a journalist to be at his best. The wise Swift not only set his characters away in space and time, but kept them types. He wastes no "characteristic" dialogue upon his Houyhnhnms, nor does he create personality even for his hero. Satire must go stripped of too much realism. Swift, who loved some men and women but hated humanity, wrote of generalized humanity, whereas Montague's cockneys are too laboriously cockney, his plain soldiers labor their clipped dialects, and his bishop is painfully episcopal. We are all cursed by realism in this generation and cannot write of a musical critic, like Montague's Hendie, without trying to recover his last wrinkle and phrase. There is something a little unskilful in Montague's account of persons. That is not his *métier*.

Satire is. If one reads "Right Off the Map" with excited interest, it is because the vigorous story is always mounting, like the Rian army, toward regions of light. Romantic Rian lieutenants are shot down in front of their unprotected lines, quitters become heroes, civilian populations sign their own death warrants, Burrages crumble into the ashes of fine words, honest men perform futile miracles of hardship, good old Willan goes to his death because he cannot tell buncome from sincerity —and all in a pattern of experience which the satirist, like some ironic god, weaves into a convincing similitude of what we are ready to accept as too possible history.

Nor does the satirist conceal his philosophy. Wars, he thinks, are caused neither by soldiers nor profiteers, nor even by the tension upon public opinion which the printed or spoken word more than ever can make almost irresistible. War is a major sport for the courageous, whether of mind or of body. It is the great excitement, the only certain escape, except love, from dulness, the one adventure that obsesses all the faculties, and that in prospect and retrospect, whatever it may be in actuality, exercises the whole imagination of man.

* * *

War is inevitable if the courageous not only love but approve of it. The honest soldier like Willan knows well enough what is good and what is bad. He knows that some fighting can't be helped, but he does not praise its results. He has seen women raped, children blown to bits, men screaming in agony, civilizations wrecked. It may be a great adventure but its consequences are terrible. He is of the "stoical forces and things that make the best they may of living in accord with unalterable laws." He did not make the world or his own joy in its excitements, but he will not moralize murder; he will kill his man if he has to, and be proud of his courage, not the killing. The happy warrior is "like some very strong, but benign, wild animal, not broken in spirit but highly tractable by its natural disposition, and kept out of mischief by its own intense enjoyment of every ordinary thing that happened to it." The best of us—philosophers, artists, and other intellectuals aside—are like that; and we will inevitably fight when we must, enjoy the experience even while hating the results.

But this cause of war, like all the causes which lie loose everywhere, always, now, is controllable. War is not permitted by its causes. War among civilized states (and this is Montague's argument) is permitted and made inevitable by those who believe or make others believe that it is a moral necessity, that it is sanctioned. The romantic dealers in platitudes on national greatness, the sentimentalists always seeking vicarious heroisms by getting someone else to die for home and country, the maudlin moralists who use war to elevate the human spirit when religion has failed, the broadcasters of public opinion enamored of their power to turn words into acts—these turn the scale at the critical moment by calling war holy.

* * *

Natural man is drawn into fighting because he likes its excitements and because circumstances make it the easiest way. He never thinks it is holy; he knows it may be unholy, like drinking or kissing or speculating. They are all fun—we do them, especially if our friends do them also. So it was with Willan, the professional soldier called in to help Ria after the profiteers and moralists had done their work. He had enjoyed a life of titbits, lying in good beds, eating good food. "Who'd be a civilian," he said to Merrick, "stuck up at home in a town, doing sums, letting others attend to the everlasting job of keeping things going and something in store for bad times." His life in war, he knew, was raised to a higher power. But that there could be a war that was morally justified, really inevitable, not just "the good old game of scrapping" on a questionable pretext, well, Willan was a simple fellow, he believed that the Quakers weren't altogether right—

" 'There *can* be such a thing as a war that you simply must fight.'

" 'Every war's that when it starts,' said Merrick. 'It's only after it's over that they find out it was silly or caddish.'

"But Willan had listened to Burrage. *This* war was different.

" 'I could feel that whacking crowd change while he spoke. They grew; they became twice the men that they were; fineness seemed to go out of him, into that crowd. Into me, too. I saw all my cynical sort of suspicions were rot. Anyhow, I had got it at last—a war that wasn't like the others—the one you could let yourself go at, without any beast of a fear that some day you might feel sick and sorry for having ever been in it'."

That is what the Burrages do to honest instincts. It is the Butes playing upon the scrapping instincts

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of mankind that make war possible—so much Montague grants to the economic theory of history; but it is the bishops and the Burrages who permit it. Men like Willan—and almost the best of us are like Willan—can sublimate their fighting instincts; they can be made to see the unprofitableness of war, because they have never seen its profits except to themselves. But give them a moral justification, make them romantic with illusions of superiority, muddle them with herd psychology, and you make war inevitable and turn good fighters into romantic crusaders who, like the old crusaders, seldom come home. For men who live by words are dangerous, and a romantic moralist can beat the militarists at the game of destruction and sudden death.

Montague is all for realists, even "hard-boiled" realists. It is the Portan realist, Latta, who tries to save Willan when Burrage, fearing public opinion, votes for his friend's death. Latta, law or no law, does not like to waste a good man. Bute, predatory little weasel that he is, at least intrigues for war with a knowledge of what he wants, and presumably would have intrigued with equal success for peace. But the Burrages and the Brownells who glamour over their own ill motives, not even knowing them, and the sexually uncomfortable Roses, sick of words but using reality only for their own nervous ends—these disgust him. Their codes and their platitudes and their moralized selfishness, and the fatal power of their words or their passions over men, change war from an accident, exciting if deplorable, inevitable sometimes but never fortunate, to a symbol, a pageant, and a moral destruction for conquered and conqueror alike.

That seems to be Montague's philosophy, and few who have studied the incitements to the last great conflict will say that it is unsound. The slogans of 1914-1918 are still sour in our mouths, however much we may praise the heroism of those who fought.

It explains why a soldier who is essentially a butcher may be a finer type than a bishop or a tradesman. It explains why ardent pacifists make eager soldiers; why generals and Quakers so often come out of the same family. Nor does it rest upon the easy theories of the historians who will trace war to anything except complex human nature. War is hell—but also, a "hell of a good sport" for the natural man, if he lives to look back on it. At least so it seems to many before and afterwards. Accept that fact, and some of the romantic clouds begin to clear away, like the mists on the high peak of the Forgotten Valley, from which Willan and his plucky remnant looked down on the battlefield and saw the Portan "well poisoners" reverently burying the Rian dead.

Satire, says Fowler in his admirable dictionary of modern English usage, has for its motive amendment, for its province the morals and manners of mankind, for its means the accentuation of their doings, for audience the self-satisfied. Both the unsatisfied and the self-satisfied should read "Right Off the Map." They will leave the spell of its narrative with food for reflection.

"It is not very easy nowadays," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "for the outside public to remember the names of the editors of the London journals, but 'Strachey of the *Spectator*' was a name that everyone knew. He ruled at the *Spectator* for over thirty years, resigning control in 1925 but contributing till recently to that journal. He was a link between the old and the new school, for, although he had at heart all the interests of the country gentleman and his roots were deep in old English tradition and prejudice, he was intensely alive and eager about new things and new people, and backed his own ideas by practice. He was one of the early motor-car enthusiasts, he tried to establish a new sort of country volunteer army to stave off compulsory military service, and he made many efforts for the housing of rural workers with new building material.

"But one remembers chiefly that he was a live man, constantly interested, enthusiastic, indignant, curious about any manifestation of our times. His conversation was often enriched with unexpected instances and quotations, and he was constantly probing for the serious opinion of whoever he was talking with. His books, especially 'The River of Life,' perfectly expressed the man. He will be much missed by many people and by all journalists."

An English Wit

THE CHRONICLES OF CLOVIS. By "SAKI" (H. H. MUNRO). New York: The Viking Press. 1927. $1.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

H. H. MUNRO was killed in the war. As an occasional contributor to the famous "sea-green incorruptible," the *Westminster Gazette*, and some other British periodicals, he had already been discovered by a small and delighted band of readers (many of them fellow authors) whose only complaint was that he wrote too briefly and too seldom. His name, it seemed, was soon forgotten after the catastrophe. But here and there men who knew his work would discover their common bond at the casual mention of his pen-name, "Saki," and gloat together. Recently his complete works were collected and published in England and now the Viking Press brings out the first volume of an American edition, promising more to come.

"The Chronicles of Clovis" is, unfortunately, far from his best book. I say unfortunately, because it may not completely justify the deserved encomiums which have been uttered by Mr. A. A. Milne, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Hugh Walpole, and others who have vouched for "Saki" as a whole

H. H. MUNRO

in the prefaces to this and the forthcoming volumes. Although "The Chronicles" is an altogether delightful little collection of "pieces" (it is the best word) the full flavor of the author's work is not to be consistently tasted there. Once or twice he lapses badly into the mere humorist. Yet there is not a tale in his thirty (saving the two or three horror stories) without at least one touch of saving wit, while at least a dozen bubble champagne-like from beginning to end.

It is easier to appreciate Saki than to review him. Mr. Milne acknowledges this when he asks in his foreword "What is Saki's manner, what his magic talisman?" and then replies, "Like every artist worthy consideration, he has no recipe." Mr. Milne proceeds to find his greatest merit in his choice of words, his "way of putting things." This does not tell the reader very much. Like Mr. Milne, the reviewer might resort to quotation; but even that is unfair. Imagine trying to illustrate Mr. Ring Lardner's peculiar qualities by means of two or three paragraphs of his work. One difficulty is to know what to choose. Saki's tales are usually thinly disguised monologues and dialogues of which the dominating characteristic is a malicious cynicism mingling wit and nonsense.

"I don't want Wratislav (for a son-in-law). My poor Elsa would be miserable with him."

"A little misery wouldn't matter very much with her; it would go well with the way she does her hair, and if she couldn't get on with Wratislav she could always go and do good among the poor."

Actual jokes are rare with him. He saves them for the situations on which his stories are grounded, stories like "The Unrest Cure" and "Mrs. Packletide's Tiger." In this last, Mrs. Packletide determines to shoot a tiger

Not that the lust to kill had suddenly descended on her, or that she felt she would leave India safer and more wholesome than she had found it, with one fraction of wild beast left per million of inhabitants. The compelling motive was that Loona Bimberton had recently been carried eleven miles by an Algerian aviator and talked of nothing else. . . . In a world that is supposed to be chiefly swayed by hunger and love Mrs. Packletide was an exception; her movements and motives were largely governed by dislike of Loona Bimberton.

She offers a thousand rupees for the opportunity to shoot a tiger without overmuch risk and exertion. A village is found. . . .

the favored rendezvous of an animal of respectable antecedents which had been driven by increasing infirmities of age to abandon game-killing and confine its appetite to the smaller domestic animals. The prospect of earning the thousand rupees had stimulated the sporting and commercial instinct of the villagers; children were posted night and day on the outskirts of the local jungle to head the tiger back in the unlikely event of his attempting to roam away to fresh hunting grounds, and the cheaper kind of goats were left about with elaborate carelessness to keep him satisfied with his present quarters. The one anxiety was lest he should die of old age before the day appointed for the memsahib's shoot. Mothers carried their babies home through the jungle after the day's work in the fields hushed their singing lest they might curtail the restful sleep of this venerable herd-robber.

This is delightful fooling and what follows is not unworthy of it.

But the best part of Saki is his dialogue. Here he matches the best in Oscar Wilde's comedies. He is at once urbane, ridiculous, cynical, spiteful, brilliantly superficial, epigrammatic, and sparkling. Like all such delicate growths it cannot be plucked for display in a review. A word must also be said of his variety. This volume includes two or three serious stories. For sheer grimness I can think of nothing in recent literature to approach "Sredni Vashtar." This very short story, which is a phenomenally fine piece of writing, bears the same relation to Saki's more characteristic work as "The Monkey's Paw" bears to the longshoreman yarns of Mr. W. W. Jacobs. "Filboid Studge" is sheer O. Henry anglicized; "The Music on the Hill" out-Machens Mr. Machen; but they are one and all Saki. He is a little classic.

Stripping Off the Plaster

THE UNCONSCIOUS BEETHOVEN. By ERNEST NEWMAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927.

Reviewed by EDWARD BURLINGAME HILL.
Harvard University

TOO often the biographer traces an idealized portrait of his subject, softening harsh outlines and effacing characteristic wrinkles as did the old-time photographer. Thus generations may be in the dark as to the actual character of more than one genius. Despite a human curiosity for "personal traits" these emerge dubiously from a mist of skilful censorship. For many years careful "editing" gave to the world an "ideal" portrait of Wagner, even altering or suppressing letters which might furnish a spotlight of truth. Mr. Newman has already been of inestimable service to the cause of critical and biographic accuracy by his candid exposition of the real Wagner. Now he attempts a similar revision of standpoint in the case of Beethoven.

"We have as our first task," says Mr. Newman, "to dig out the real Beethoven from the romantic plaster-of-Paris in which he has gradually become encased." One can scarcely overpraise such biographic candor. It is of the spirit of the age, and furthermore by a natural psychological process the positive achievements of genius only gain through a revelation of its human failings. However, in his efforts to attain a comprehensive justice, Mr. Newman seems to have indulged in unmitigated corrective. Only with a background of Grove, Thayer, d'Indy and Bekker, combined with Newman, can one reach a lucid sense of proportion as to Beethoven, the man. The morbidity of Beethoven's relations with his brothers, his arrogant and insupportable behavior on many occasions, even his dubious interpretation, now and then, as to what constitutes business ethics in relation to his publishers, are undoubtedly "fair game" in arriving at a comprehensive estimate of the composer's character. But even if, as Mr. Newman says, "this generation does not approach, or, it would be more correct to say, evade the subject of venereal disease with the prudery of the generation or two immediately preceding," is it necessary to establish whether or no Beethoven were syphilitic, or to adduce proof that consequently his sexual morality was not above suspicion? If this pathological rev-

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elation be an obligatory contribution to this centenary year, does it thereby not add to our admiration for the concentrated grit with which Beethoven worked out his artistic destiny *quand même?* Then too, in his painstaking enumeration of Beethoven's eccentricities and unconventionalities, Mr. Newman recalls much old material. But, preoccupied with shattering the enveloping "romantic plaster-of-Paris" he seems to overlook that his readers may not be acquainted with the more redeeming traits of Beethoven's character. Let us have biographic truth, by all means, even if it be disillusionizing, but may we also attain a comprehensive justice.

The second portion of this volume, dealing with Beethoven, the composer, contains a painstaking analysis of the details of his constructive workmanship. Mr. Newman lays much stress, and rightfully, upon the manner in which Beethoven's unconscious mind tended to crystallize certain definite and reiterated procedures. These details, profusely illustrated, are of greater value to the budding composer, or to the technical student than to the general reader. Yet doubtless even the latter would gain from a careful study of this section of the book.

Mr. Newman is scarcely the first to call attention to the inevitable duality of the creative artist's task —the reconciliation of the often inimical process of the unconscious and conscious mind. In her monumental "Life of John Keats," the late Miss Amy Lowell clearly outlined and dissected the similar workings of the poet's mind. Her conclusions may serve equally to illustrate the similar problems of the composer. However, those who are not acquainted with Miss Lowell's masterly study will find Mr. Newman's discussion of illuminating interest.

Despite some possible reservations, there is no denying the critical vitality, the uncompromisingly truthful standpoint of Mr. Newman's book, which automatically takes it place in the extensive literature about Beethoven.

The Origin of Races

(*Continued from page* 145)

occupy the most remote, inaccessible, enervating, or otherwise undesirable parts of the earth, while races with broad, high and well developed heads are the most recent and occupy regions of the opposite types. This does not mean that the more primitive races occupy the regions remote from *us*, or from Europe. We are not the central figures in the progress of humanity; we apparently belong to a group which lies only three-fourths of the way along the evolutionary path from the most primitive to the most modern. The center lies somewhere in central Asia, and the most advanced, or at least the most modern types biologically, according to Professor Taylor, are the Alpine and central Asiatic races whose heads are both broad and high.

According to the old idea the more primitive types of life are generally found near the centers where that special kind of life originates. During the present century geologists, botanists, anthropologists, and geographers have all thrown grave doubt on this idea. The geologists, especially Dr. W. D. Matthew, have shown that the most primitive animals are found in two kinds of locations, either alive in remote, inaccessible, and repressive areas like Australia, South Africa, Patagonia, tropical jungles, and outlying islands; or as fossils deep down in the rocks. Higher forms occur in less remote regions and at lesser depths in the rocks; the most highly developed types are found living today near the centers of dispersal, or in regions easily reached from such centers. Professor Will has shown that essentially the same thing is true of plants all over the world. The older a given family, the more widely it is distributed, and the more likely it is to be found in highly remote regions. A young family, on the contrary, like the cactus, is more or less limited to a relatively small region, although it may be spreading into other climates as appears from the fact that a native cactus has penetrated to southern New England.

Human ideas and inventions act in similar fashion, as Dr. Clark Wissler has shown with special clearness. They arise mainly in certain centers, and then spread outward with greater or less speed. In due time some of them may spread all over the earth, as has the use of fire. Later inventions arising in the same centers may not spread so far. Even today the use of iron tools is just beginning to be introduced among certain extremely inaccessible and backward tribes. Machinery is not yet used in extensive tropical areas and in the far north. The radio is mainly confined to Americans and Western Europeans. Taylor illustrates the matter by means of wheeled vehicles. Down at the bottom of the dumps at Sydney one might find old narrow iron tires for wagons, while on the remoter farms beyond the reach of automobiles such tires are still the only kind in common use. Higher up in the dump one might find automobile tires, but such tires are not found on the farms in the most rugged regions where the roads are too bad for automobiles. Finally the top of the dump may be littered with fragments of an airplane, but on the farms no trace of airplanes can yet be seen. Thus the most primitive type lies deepest beneath the surface at the center of dispersal, and is most widely distributed; the youngest lies on the surface at the same center, and is limited to a small area.

Professor Taylor's great contribution to human knowledge is that he has shown that this same general principle applies to man. From Asia there jut out three great peninsulas, one being Africa; one India, the East Indies, and Australia; and the third, the two Americas. In each peninsula the form of the land and the climate combine to produce certain lines where migration is easy, and certain areas where the land is desirable. Taylor's generalized map shows that in each of these peninsulas, as well as in Asia itself, the races of men are distributed like animals, the more primitive, long-headed, low-browed types being farthest from the Asiatic center of dispersal, and the most advanced biological types with broad high heads being near that center or else distributed along the main routes on which it is easy to travel outward from the center toward lands that are attractive. Intermediate types lie between the two extremes in such a way that the generalized map can be divided into bands of each type of head.

But why did the various races migrate from Asia, each following the paths of its predecessors and pushing those predeccessors to the wall? Central Asia is subject to greater variations of climate than any other part of the world. During the four epochs which make up the glacial period it must have alternated between highly habitable and favorable conditions when ice mantled much of Europe and North America, and desert conditions even worse than those of today when interglacial conditions prevailed. Taylor agrees with the many students who believe that these climatic pulsations have been of major importance in hastening human evolution and in driving successive races out of Asia. He displays his accustomed tendency toward broad generalization in the tentative suggestion that specific races are connected with specific glacial epochs.

The most important parts of "Environment and Race" are devoted to showing why Taylor made his map as he did. Critics are likely to pull the map to pieces and to show that the author is wrong in scores of minor matters. Nevertheless, such mistakes can scarcely shake the great generalization which the map illustrates. I, for one, believe that from now on our whole conception of races will more and more swing over to the general view advocated by Taylor.

That will be epoch-making. It will oblige us to abandon our present tendency to glorify Europeans and Nordics. It will lead to the conviction that we owe our present leadership not to any innate biological or racial superiority, but to a highly favorable environment into which we happen to have been driven. That environment has not only given us great opportunities such as the best climates, the best soils, the best coal, and the best position in reference to the ocean. It has also exercised a highly valuable racial selection whereby those individuals and groups which did not rise to a certain level have been eliminated. This, however, is not stated by Taylor. In fact his greatest weakness is that in his enthusiasms over the rôle of physical environment he fails to realize that no one has ever yet shown conclusively that the environment is the cause of the variations upon which it works. The environment does indeed pick out some variations for preservation and others for destruction, but what causes the variations? In the same way although Taylor appeals to his Australian compatriots to be wise in their policy of settlement and development, he fails to see that his appeal is in itself a most potent witness to the fundamental power of social environment.

The part of the book in which he discusses the continent of Australia is quite detached from the rest of the volume, and comes to the reader as something of a surprise. But it bears a most useful lesson for us as well as for the Australians. The great trouble with Australia is that its boosters, its self-appointed "one hundred per centers," insist on asserting that everything Australian is the best. At least a third of Australia is unmitigated desert according to every reasonable definition, but the politicians and the boosters shake their fists at anyone who says so. Northern Australia is not a favorable region for the white man; his health, energy, and spirits suffer there, but official Australia rises in arms to deny or gloss over the facts. In this part of his book Taylor is at his best. He does not need to speculate or generalize, for he has plenty of concrete facts right under his thumb; and he uses them effectively. But the Australian part of the book has little to do with its real significance. The significance lies in the fact that the first two-thirds or more set forth the idea that human evolution is tending toward a type of man with a head that is broad as well as high, and that such types are slowly inheriting the earth. We who are of a more long-headed type, so Taylor says, seem to hold our own only so long as we enjoy the advantages of an environment better than that of the invading round-heads.

Two Types of Woman

IMPATIENT GRISELDA. By DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH'S new novel, "Impatient Griselda," has the tremendous advantage of an unusual opening. The first sentence, "Irene Robeline was sitting up with the corpse," is calculated to catch the interest of the most casual of readers. It is Lilith who is dead: Lilith who shared not only the name but also the nature of that careless, calling myth-woman who was before Eve was. In Miss Scarborough's story Lilith is again the preceder. Irene has only a second place in the life of a husband who married her after the death of Lilith in order to give his baby a mother. Outwardly Patient Griselda through the long years of accepting kindliness in place of love, in the end Irene has the agony of seeing stretch out before her daughter a bondage similar to her own. Havelock Ellis has said that all women fall into two classes—the mistress type or the wife type (obviously the nominal status has nothing to do with the intrinsic type); and Miss Scarborough's novel is really a study of these two natures. We are given a clearer insight into and a much fuller account of the wife's psychology than of that of the mistress, but this arises naturally from the author's viewpoint, which is in sympathy with the wife-type and assumes that the other functions to a larger extent on the instinctive plane with a very limited number of reaction patterns. Miss Scarborough's conclusions on the subject are summed up in her final paragraph:

> The Liliths were invincible! Death itself but gave them stronger hold over the hearts of men. For them alone the lightning-flash, the prairie fire, the magic moonlight. All that the Irenes could hope for was to be a lamp set in the window of home. . . . But that was much if you loved a man! . . .

But this *motif* in outline gives an utterly erroneous impression of concision; it suggests that "Impatient Griselda" is a stark, tragic little tale. Nothing could be further from the truth. The book is both spacious and gracious; it abounds with "homely" characters and familiar incidents; it covers the love life of two generations and the years are filled from end to end with "doings;" the central theme disappears again and again under this efflorescence of detail. But it is encouraging to see a book written apparently for a popular audience based on so real a psychological antithesis.

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Latin-America

CHURCH AND STATE IN MEXICO 1822-1857. By WILFRID HARDY CALLCOTT. Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press. 1927. $4.
CHILE AND ITS RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES. By HENRY CLAY EVANS. The same. $2.50.
FRANCISCO DE IBARRA AND NUEVA VIZCAYA. By J. LLOYD MECHAM. The same. $3.50.
ANTONIO DE MENDOZA, FIRST VICEROY OF NEW SPAIN. By ARTHUR S. AITON. The same. $3.50.
JOSÉ ESCANDÓN AND THE FOUNDING OF NUEVO SANTANDER. By LAWRENCE F. HILL. Coumbus, Ohio: Ohio State University Press. 1927. $3.50.
SOME ASPECTS OF THE AGRARIAN QUESTION IN MEXICO. By HELEN PHIPPS. Austin, Texas: University of Texas Bulletin. 1927.
VICEREGAL ADMINISTRATION IN THE SPANISH AMERICAN COLONIES. By LILLIAN ESTELLE FISHER. Berkeley, Calif.: University of California Press. 1927. $5.

Reviewed by HERBERT I. PRIESTLEY
University of California

THE Duke University Press has begun the issue of a series of monographs on Spanish American history, the work of a new and young crop of writers. It is of prime significance to see that this press is willing to undertake the publication of such a series; perhaps still more significant is the now obvious fact that we have entered upon the second generation of writing on this new phase of American historiography. The Durham publishers are to be congratulated upon their decision and upon their choice of material. The recent growth in the Spanish American field is a happy widening of the egocentric enthusiasm and curiosity upon which pursuit of the social as well as other sciences rest. The day is not far off when Mr. Babbitt's progeny will have the opportunity to study a high school course in "United States History" conceived in terms of the total influences and results of the general migration of the Western Nations in the wake of Columbus.

Fifteen years ago there were but scant contributions to the history of the American areas south of the United States. There was an openly expressed belief, as late as the closing 'nineties, that nothing below the Rio Grande merited the historian's mettle, since Prescott had adequately recorded the one dramatic episode of Mexico and the great conquest of Peru. Through the researches of a group of pioneers (now getting into the lean and slippered pantaloon with no space for their encomium here) that opinion has been displaced; the last two years have seen the advent of a new and capable group which has shown by the publication of a set of doctoral dissertations that they are well grounded in the technique of research and can put their findings in readable shape.

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The first of the Duke offerings is by Wilfrid H. Callott, "Church and State in Mexico, 1822-1857;" it is a scholarly work which lays the basis for understanding the century-old religious conflict in Mexico which every now and then draws the attention of the people of the United States. The author intends to go farther into the study, for his treatment stops just when the crisis between church and state reached the acute stage; he will bring it down to the most recent developments in a second volume. Nothing of moment on the controversy has been done in English since the writing of Burke's Life of Benito Juárez, and the American people have known next to nothing of the story of the fight between conservatism and liberalism across the border which has gone on since the day of Mexican independence. Callcott's book is a lucid, temperate account of the problem from the liberal point of view; it takes notice of the economic and political influences, as well as the religious ones, which have affected Mexico's destiny.

The book was inspired, like what may be called its companion volume, that of Henry C. Evans, "Chile and Its Relations with the United States," by the interest in Spanish America long existent at Columbia University. Professor Evans has dwelt soberly and with restraint upon the character and the problems of our representation in the Magellanic republic. He had a wonderful opportunity, had he been of the "intellectual" type, to rant about his country's misconception of its rôle in Pan American relations, especially where Chile has been concerned; we have not done very well by ourselves in that land, speaking historically, because we have had few commercial relations and because our representatives have often been "deserving" instead of meritorious. But Evans, as a loyal American and sober historian, leaves the reader to make his own generalizations and draw his own conclusions. Chile has often been difficult, herself a sort of aggressive Yankee type, and we have blundered along without ever getting far away from suspicion and mistrust, especially when the public mind has been stirred by incidents like those of the "Itata" and the "Baltimore."

Since the book is a review of relations through a hundred years it is a deviation from the usual dissertation; this ought to secure for it a wider reading than otherwise. Some of the chapters might be expanded into whole theses, indeed some of them have been, by other students in the same field. Evans writes well, his authorities are well chosen, with avoidance of the flood of propaganda "literature" which has broken loose over the Tacna-Arica squabble. It is, however, somewhat of a surprise to see numerous scholarly works on this topic entirely omitted.

H. M. TOMLINSON
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The Duke University Press has also brought out J. Lloyd Macham's "Francisco de Ibarra and Nueva Vizcaya," a study of one of the great little leaders of the frontier drive which finally pushed the Spanish dominion over the great Southwestern life barrier into the present area of the United States. Nueva Xizcaya was, roughly speaking, northwestern Mexico, particularly Chihuahua. Ibarra was a youngster of thirty-six when he died of tuberculosis after having fought on the frontier a full twenty years, during which he added to the realm of New Spain about one-fourth of Mexico's modern area. Mecham puts him in his proper historical perspective without teleological implications. The young men have left out of their historical interpretation the old idea that Providence mysteriously led the wicked Spaniards on, to spy out the land and hold it for a season until the good Anglo-Saxons were ready to go up and possess it. The thesis is an intensive study, like the work of Arthur S. Aiton, author of "Antonio de Mendoza, First Viceroy of New Spain." This study brings out with wealth of detail the salient characteristics of the most distinguished of the founders of Spain in North America through a period of fifteen years' incumbency in the viceregal chair. Nobody except Washington, Lincoln, and Wilson have had bigger part in shaping the destiny of this continent; his influence still runs through the latest phases of our Mexican contacts. Aitoa leaves him in his colonial setting, but his appraisal is well-balanced and readable. Now and then there is evidence that the author will need to follow Hubert Howe Bancroft a little charily as an authority.

Lawrence F. Hill in "José de Escandón and the Founding of Nuevo Santander," makes another study of the Spanish thrust northward, companion in a way to the work of Mecham; this time the advance is along the eastern coast, on the Gulf, as a fender against the aggressions of European competitors threatening the Caribbean.

It would be easy to extend this list of writings on Spanish American history by going into the contributions of students a little more seasoned than those mentioned, or going back a few more years. While there is hardly space for this, it would be in point to mention in this connection work done in the last two years by some of the women who show promise in interpreting Spanish America in terms of continental interest. Helen Phipps's "Some Aspects of the Agrarian Question in Mexico," University of Texas Bulletin No. 2515, is an informative and sound study begun at Columbia and finished at Austin. Professor Lillian E. Fisher's "Viceregal Administration in the Spanish American Colonies," is a competent survey of the greatest administrative office in the New World for three hundred years; it was done at the University of California, as was Sister Mary Austin's "The Reforms of Charles III in New Spain in the Light of the Pacte de Famille," now going to press. The latter work deals with the Franco-Spanish attempt to check England in her sweep to colonial predominance in the eighteenth century.

A New Attitude

THREE ESSAYS IN METHOD. By BERNARD BERENSON. New York: Oxford University Press. 1927. $14 net.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

IN these essays, the substance of which has already appeared in Italian magazines, Mr. Berenson defines and illustrates a new attitude. Trained in pure connoisseurship supported by the Morellian method, he now declares this approach inadequate and pleads for the old archaeological method as the reasonable one for the history of art. Now the archaeological method is merely the usual historical method applied to a special material, and it means only that no problem is to be regarded as solved until every kind of relevant evidence has been considered.

The method in which Mr. Berenson was bred and which has sufficed to make him our foremost critic of Italian painting admitted only two kinds of evidence—that of connoisseurship and that of minute morphology (Morellianism). But this offered only one kind of evidence that was objective and available for purposes of demonstration. Connoisseurship, as Mr. Berenson well defines it in the present volume, is merely "that sense of being in the presence of a given artistic personality which comes from a long acquaintance." It is a mystical experience from the critic's subconsciousness. Its validity can only be affirmed. It cannot be demonstrated or even discussed. For this reason, seeking an honest method of demonstration, nearly fifty years ago, Giovanni Morelli invented the morphological method which bears his name. This meant only that all artists have tricks or mannerisms which betray their hand and mind. So far as it went, the method was excellent, but it also had many shortcomings and dangers. It worked best with third rate artists. The great artists were either relatively free from mannerisms or their mannerisms were bewilderingly changeable. The method, for example, utterly broke down on so cardinal a problem as the borderline between Giorgione, Sebastiano del Piombo, and Titian. Moreover, the method begged too many previous questions. It assumed that the critic knew the problematical picture was an original rather than a copy or a forgery, that he knew its date and place and school. Now neither the intuitions of connoisseurship nor the earmarks of Morellianism give us sure evidence on such essential preliminaries.

So connoisseurship, already charged with the intuitive recognition of artistic personality, was tacitly burdened also with the responsibility for authenticity, time, and place; and its shoulders were often not broad enough for the load. Connoisseurship not infrequently flouted time and place, and Morellianism was impotent to call connoisseurship to order. Mr. Berenson's contention is that these errors are inexcusable, for within the medieval and renaissance periods the time and place of any work of art of consequence can by ordinary archæological research be fixed within a quarter century and often within a decade. He then proceeds to illustrate the method

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in the case of a group of anonymous or misattributed narrative panels which he ascribes to Domenico Morone of Verona, about 1490; in the case of a Botticelli which had wrongly been excluded from the canon because of revamping some twenty years after its painting; and in the case of two pictures ascribed to Antonello da Messina, one of which he asserts is impossible as an Antonello since on archaeological grounds it can be proved to have been painted at least fifteen years after that artist's death. In these demonstrations architecture, furniture, landscape, hairdressing, costume, iconography, composition serve as evidence of time and place. We have so many exhaustive and practical exercises, and they should be valuable to students of all ages.

* * *

Mr. Berenson's profession of archaeology—which, by the way has always been the standard academic method in America—is timely, for the aberrations of connoisseurship were rapidly bringing the history of art into discredit. Let us admit that the mystical act of recognition, when the critic is experienced and conscientious, has sufficient authority. However, the most experienced critic may lack the scholar's conscience. In his attributions no mystical act may really be involved. They may rest on an irresponsible *libido adscribendi* prompted at best by personal vanity, at worst by dealers' bribes. And the possibility of self-deception is such that no critic should fail to check what seem to himself subjective certitudes by every available objective test, so that his verdict shall rest not solely on authority but at least in part upon such evidence as may be understood and must be accepted by an attentive and intelligent reader.

Such a conception of the function of attribution would be not only a much needed protection to student, dealer, and collector, but also to the critic himself.

For example, had the eminent Swedish critic who ascribed one of Mr. Berenson's nine Morones to the Florentine, Baldovinetti, passingly consulted the architecture and costume, he would have known that he had to do with a Venetic work of about 1490. More important yet, he would have perceived that he himself had been guessing irresponsibly, and this perception might and presumably would have deterred him from a whole series of guesses equally irresponsible which have brought confusion into the history of Italian painting. So much for the evils resulting from ignoring archaeological evidence. And we had actually reached a stage where such evidence was shamelessly flouted. A Ferrarese Chronicler wrote about 1306 that Giotto had painted at Assisi. The writer was familiar with Paduan matters while Giotto was painting in that city, and may easily have known Giotto personally. In short, from the historian's point of view the testimony is the very best. Any student of Giotto who respected historical evidence would simply scan the frescoes at Assisi until he found something that could be by Giotto before he painted in Padua, 1303-1305. As it happens, the choice would be really simple. Nothing would meet the conditions except a certain number of the stories of St. Francis in the Upper Church. Everything else would be too early, too late, or too different in style. If now the Stories of St. Francis seemed difficult to reconcile with the rest of Giotto's work, no historically minded student would dream of rejecting them because of the apparent discrepancy; he would rather seek the reasons for it. But the late Professor Rintelen, being subjectively convinced that the stylistic gap was unbridgable, not only ignored the documentary evidence, but with no reason at all hinted at interpolation and the like. And he built up an active school of young Giottoists to promulgate his error, and he received countenance from people who should have known better. In view of such arrogance of pure connoisseurship and perversion of scholarly method Mr. Berenson's appeal to archaeology was emphatically needed.

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What is important in his book is its illustration of sound archæological method. In this reviewer's opinion attributions will still mainly be made through connoisseurship in the first instance, archeology serving as check and for demonstration. It is unlikely that Mr. Berenson first located his "Nine Panels in Search of an Attribution" in time and place and then discovered they were by Morone. It is more probable that as a connoisseur he made the attribution and then as an archeologist assured himself that it was reasonable as to time and place. For an experienced critic, indeed, the order of approach seems immaterial. For a young student, to whom premature adventures in connoisseurship should be strictly forbidden, Mr. Berenson suggests many lines of delightful and most useful investigation, for the archaeology of the Middle Ages and Renaissance is only in its infancy, and even a beginner may hope to make valuable contributions by simply collecting and classifying the data.

Such is the larger meaning of this charming and enlightening book. Admirable illustrations permit one to follow every turn of the argument, and a careful reading should be an equivalent for many a graduate course. The results of these three essays in method are avowedly less important than the method itself. On the other hand, a reader is entitled to know a reviewer's opinion on the results. On the group of Morone's and the revamped Botticelli Mr. Berenson reaches his Q. E. D. triumphantly. On the "impossible" Antonello recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum, the reviewer feels that Mr. Berenson has only put the upholders of the attribution on the defensive. His handling of the evidence in this case shows the extreme delicacy of such problems. Because Antonello worked in Northern Italy he is treated as a North Italian painter. He was, in fact, a highly eclectic itinerant and outside of any Italian evolutionary line. One might expect anomalies in the little of his work that has survived. Moreover the iconographical criteria that are used to date the picture a full decade after Antonello's death though doubtless based on a full, do not rest on a completed survey. And, working from a photograph, Mr. Berenson could not know that the enigmatic Madonna originally had a small dishlike halo of gold, an archaeological fact which would seem to date the picture well within Antonello's lifetime despite the apparently contradictory evidence of composition and iconography. In short, the attribution seems rather highly contestible than on archaeological grounds impossible.

However that be, the goings on of the school of pure connoisseurship had plainly become entirely impossible, and for revealing the abuse and suggesting a remedy in the tested methods of archaeology Mr Berenson deserves the hearty gratitude of all serious students of the history of art.

Germans and Turks

FIVE YEARS IN TURKEY. By GENERAL LIMAN VON SANDERS. Annapolis: United States Naval Institute. 1927.

Reviewed by SHERMAN MILES, Major, U. S. A.

WHETHER the key to Allied victory in the World War lay in the West or in the East may never be determined. The strategists argued it hotly, and still do. It is now immaterial. But it is becoming more and more apparent that there was a glamour about the eastern theaters of war, whatever may have been their strategical value, which was sadly lacking in the trenches of France or the mud of Flanders. The Homeric failure at Gallipoli, Maude's conquest and death at Bagdad, Lawrence's brilliant guerrilla raids, and Allenby's Last Crusade are epics of adventure far more stirring than the scientifically machined slaughter in the West.

In General Liman von Sanders's book, lately translated and published by the Naval Institute, we get the first authentic account of the war in the East from the Germano-Turkish side. Selected by the Kaiser to head the German military commission sent out to reform the Turkish Army, General von Sanders served almost continuously in Turkey from December, 1913, to January, 1919. Of all Europeans he had the best opportunity to observe the inner workings of the enemy's war machine in the East. And in a frank but unbiased narrative he draws a good picture of it all—the stoical courage of the Turkish soldier which earned him victory at Gallipoli; the constant difficulties in the way of Germano-Turkish coöperation, or even understanding; the final exhaustion and collapse of the Turkish power.

In recording his impressions, General von Sanders evidently labored under some disadvantages. The book is documented to a certain extent, and well illustrated with maps, but the author evidently worked without many of his records when he prepared his notes in Malta, while a prisoner of war, and later when he finished his book in Germany.

Another disadvantage under which he wrote arose through his absence from any active front during the long period between the Gallipoli campaign of 1915 and the final collapse in Palestine and Syria in 1918. It is a striking commentary on the innate jealousy and distrust of the Turks towards the Germans that the victor of Gallipoli should have been left practically unemployed in the interior of Turkey throughout the years 1916-17. His descriptions of the petty raids on the Anatolian coast with which he perforce concerned himself during that period are almost pathetic in the light of what was going on elsewhere. Townsend marched to the gates of Bagdad and was himself captured at Kut-el-Amara, Mesopotamia was lost to Turkey and Persia invaded, Turkish troops fought in Rumania and Macedonia, Lawrence taught the Arabs cohesion and victory, and Allenby took Jerusalem before the Turkish authorities were again willing to give an active command to that capable German general who had defended Constantinople at the Dardanelles. Von Sanders does not directly comment on this, but time and again his book recounts his official quarrels with Enver Pasha, dictator of Turkey. And, with a certain restraint but nevertheless quite forcibly, he brings out the great inherent difficulties which beset the methodical German when he dealt with the vague Turk. The language question alone was full of pitfalls. Von Sanders remarks that seldom were two German translations of a written Turkish order of the same import. And in temperament and method, of course, the two races differed fundamentally.

> The German officers assumed tnat here, as in Germany, all orders issued would be carried out. This erroneous belief was bound to produce every kind of delay. In Turkey one can make the most beautiful plans and prepare the execution by drawings and perfect orders, and something entirely different will be done, or perhaps nothing at all.

The most interesting part of the book deals with the Gallipoli campaign. It was the outstanding Turkish success of the war, and the only example of a great overseas expedition attempting a landing on hostile shores. Von Sanders's account of it does not criticize the Allies for making the attempt, and only indirectly does he criticize their conduct of operations. He confirms the general impression when he says: "There can be no doubt that in view of the great British superiority success would have been possible." He describes three crises in the August attack (one of which is very doubtful, according to British accounts) in which the British missed success by only a small margin. He is equally frank in recording his own mistakes and the valor of his enemies.

If Homer had described the Gallipoli campaign —the last Trojan War—he would not have failed to have grasped a situation of keen human tension, a conflict of duties and desires in the mind of a leader. Once it had become apparent that the Allied army on the Gallipoli Peninsula no longer seriously threatened Constantinople (and that moment must have arrived in late August, 1915), the natural human desires of General von Sanders and of his army must have differed widely. He was a highly trained Prussian officer who must have realized that so long as the Allies remained on the Peninsula a great Anglo-French force was being contained and sapped by the use of Turkish troops alone: and that once the Allies had left the Peninsula it was improbable that any great numbers of western troops could be engaged and held in check by Germany's Asiatic ally. He must have seen, accordingly, that it was altogether to Germany's interest that the Allies remain and continue to suffer at the hands of the Turks on the bleak shores of the Dardanelles. On the other hand, it was most distinctly to the advantage of the Turks that the Allies leave or be driven off Gallipoli as soon as possible. The Turkish losses there were very heavy, exceeding even those of the Allies, and their defense of the Caucasus, Arabia, and Mesopotamia was greatly hampered.

It seems a pity that von Sanders's book gives no hint of the dramatic conflict of interests which must have torn him during the later part of that campaign. Prussian General von Sanders must have had some strange things to say to Turkish Marshal von Sanders during the fall and early winter of '15.

In his epilogue this much harassed man, seeing both sides of the case, sums up his criticism of the Germano-Turkish effort in the war in these two sentences:—"Turkey and her leaders must be held to account for not making their aims conform to the available means. Germany is to be blamed for the lack of calm and clear judgment of what was within the power of Turkey."

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Locke, 1927 Model

THE KINGDOM OF THEOPHILUS. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. W. J. LOCKE is candidly a novelist of the old school; he still spells "bloody" with a dash. Nevertheless, recognizing that the times change, he changes with them. That other distinguished apostle of mass production, Mr. Henry Ford, has lately gone in for a new model; and so has Mr. Locke. The whimsicality which used to be his trade mark is wholly absent from "The Kingdom of Theophilus." Theophilus Bird indeed does some things that his friends call quixotic and his wife insane, but that was only because he had been a minor civil servant, and had got so well adjusted to his groove that ordinary behavior seemed a little eccentric in Theophilus.

Nor is there more than a trace of Mr. Locke's accustomed sentiment; indeed a good deal of the book might be described as acid. Nevertheless the new model must not vary too far from the old; whatever Mr. Ford's model T may look like, it will probably still, recognizably, be a Ford; as this is recognizably a Locke novel. Also Mr. Ford's new car, whatever else it may or may not do, will certainly go; and so does this story. It is Mr. Locke's thirty-first or thirty-second novel (one loses count in that endless list of titles) but his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated.

The formula of the mouse-like man (a commuter, of course), bored with his job and his wife, and unaware that the world contains anything more interesting, is probably as old as the organization of society and the division of labor; but Mr. Locke gives it some new twists. The fortune that suddenly descends on Theophilus Bird is only the beginning of his emancipation; it takes much hard luck, a trip around the world, a couple of mistresses, and the eventual resignation of the fortune to enable him to enter into his kingdom. (He has some thirty thousand pounds left, even then; Mr. Locke is too expert a romancer to reduce his protagonist to an inconvenient penury). What happens to Theophilus, and what he eventually causes to happen to other people, depends partly on his wife, Evelina, about as disagreeable a woman as has appeared even in these late years when so large a percentage of fiction is devoted to disagreeable women; and part of it depends on Evelina's cousin Daphne. Daphne is a heroine, Evelina is a villainess; they are both characters of romance, yet Mr. Locke has made them more coherent and plausible than a good many figures of what is called realism. But the determining factor in the life of Theophilus Bird, as in most lives with which he came in contact, was Daphne's father, Luke Wavering; and the skill with which Mr. Locke gradually educes the truth about Luke and sets it before the reader furnishes a model which a good many contemporary novelists might study with profit, to see what is meant by writing like an old-timer.

Mr. Locke has written a romantic story about real people; but in one respect his background must seem fantastically visionary to American readers. A crook who defrauds investors out of several million dollars is arrested, promptly brought to trial, and promptly convicted; he has to serve two-thirds of his sentence before he is paroled; and after he is paroled he is compelled to shun the public view and does not even reserve ringside tables at night clubs. But all this, of course, is in England, an eccentric and backward nation which still punishes people even for committing murders.

Middleton Murry is to issue this month the first number of a quarterly to be entitled the *New Adelphi*. The original *Adelphi* began in June, 1923, and ceased publication in June of this year.

"The foreword of the *New Adelphi* explains that the *New Adelphi* will steadily apply itself to discover or create a new comprehensive synthesis the condition of which is the realization that harmony between the intellectual and emotional part of man is necessary, and that it implies a radical change in our psychological, our religious, our scientific, and our esthetic concepts.

"Mr. Murry admits that his statement as to the principles of his management may repel some possible readers, but indicates that in practice the stories, articles, and criticisms of poetry which he will publish will not be too precipitous for ordinary thoughtful people.

The BOWLING GREEN

For a New Dunciad

(Further Specimens)

PERSONALLY we object to this aping of Pope. We have been assured, by several persons who once heard Oscar Wilde quoted, that Pope was a mere machine for turning out couplets. And they must be right, though we have been at times obsessed by an uneasy doubt that the hunchback's little finger was heavier than the loins of poets of a later time who with romantic illiberality drummed him off Parnassus.

Satire of course consumes itself in its own flame. But there have been phœnixes in that fire, though there will be none in this particular conflagration. At this point we proceed to set it alight.

THE STAR-MANGLED MANNER

In piping times, ere Frances Starr turned grey
Victorian morals in "The Easiest Way,"
When first Belasco through the startled town
Shook drama up and audiences down,
When there exhaled a still remembered aura
Of fame about the cast of Florodora,
When many a wayward girl and backward boy
"Whistled the Geisha and adored San Toy,"
Then, to the pale confusion of the arts,
Came the dramatic critic to these parts,
Who as a stylist was the cat's pajamas,
While even I know more than he of dramas.
The critic's job as yet was not on ice.
Domestic ivory could fetch no price.
It still was a man's duty, in a way,
To talk objectively about a play.
And it is here permissible to add
That plays in general were pretty bad;
Flash dramas like "The Lion and the Mouse,"
"The Auctioneer," "The Servant in the House,"
Soft lights, and Maeterlinckéd symbolism,
And oily, glittering, Clyde Fitched mechanism.
Oh many a playwright heaved a monkey-wrench
In bedroom scenes adjusted from the French.
In humor's apple meal-worms gnawed the core.
"We bore it all, and knew not what we bore."
And then, and then, and then, and then, and then
Awoke the terrors of the fountain-pen,
That oceanic flood of ink undiked
To splash about the kind of shows they liked.
They must have liked Belasco anyhow,
To judge them by the things that they like now.
Men heeded not the portent in those days
Its product was more boring than the plays.
Beyond conception slow and densely solemn,
It filled laboriously a meagre column.
Between arriving and departing ships
And equally ingenious market-tips.
Tempora mutantur (What's the line?) *et nos*
Mutamur in illis. How one's Latin goes!
Nevertheless I'll venture to translate
That battered proverb into Billingsgate:
"Even critics alter as the seasons range."
The wise guy changes. Crikey! what a change!
Defiant or of reasons or of rhymes,
Rise Shadwells of the *World*, the *Sun*, the *Times*,
Critical Shadwells, one turn on the screw
Worse than the poet-bully Dryden knew.
Against her better judgment fate consented.
So personal criticism got invented.
The trick is this. A new play shows tonight.
You go with hangers-on to left and right,
With some attendant virgin, through whose skull
It percolates that you are wonderful.
Parked between her and some adoring male,
You sit there waiting for the play to fail.
When finally the pleasures of the night
Begin, and you go home to wrong and write,
To write in clattering clichés that clank
The history of your soul—a perfect blank,
Which in some twenty years of sprawling spiel
You have managed only too well to reveal.
Consider, over Dryden's sentence mull:
"Trust nature! Do not labor to be dull."
Continue your inimitable way
Of missing points in every sort of play.
Let your brash sentences their length extend
In thimblerigmarole, end over end.
Murder the lexicon. Eviscerate terms
Of such slight meaning "as was in their germs."
Pour on the slithering, slathering slush and slosh.
Add to eternal tripe continual tosh.
In further Orange and in darkest Rye
Runs the sweet rumor of that lullaby.
And men whom the effort of opinion stuns
See taste in quips, and intellect in puns.
Cock-eyed from many cocktails at the board,
Bankers draw cheques on that dramatic hoard,
And jet-bedizened dowagers efface
Their rivals with congenial commonplace.
Your nonsense has this virtue, be it noted
It gains enormously when it's misquoted,
And has the swank and pomp etcetera
To fit with any line of social blah.
That's why the stuff gets over. To the hicks
Who populate these steel and concrete sticks,
And that nomadic and illiterate mob
Who range the roads from Newark to Cos Cob,
I'd have you know your labor stands for style,
Polish, elegance, the labor of the file,
Because it gives the lowdown, and with grace
Acts as pace-maker to the commonplace.
So long as padlocks grace the night-club door,
So long as Forty-second Street shall roar,
While buildings like Himalayas and Alps
Tower over lobbies where the scalper scalps,
While at the stage-door throbs the lengthening queue
"Ingenuous waiting for the ingenoo,"
Nay, when the last ham-actor has been slain,
Nevertheless ham-critics will remain,
And New York crowds will follow their pet ham
On Judgment Day—to the wrong side of the Lamb.

At the bottom of the sack, which contained "The Stable for Critics," and the foregoing poem, we discovered a fragmentary palinode, appended to "The Poison Iviad" which will perhaps serve as well as anything to wind up the series.

Satire, farewell. I take my leave of you.
Although you understate, you overdo.
The tide of fools you cannot hope to stem.
I loved true poetry, and hated them.
And right or wrong, the enterprise I shirk.
Yours is a leadmine, I no more will work.
Why piffle more of Occidental letters?
Or traffic with these imbeciles in fetters?
So long as our half-witted Babel's babble
Compares A. France unfavorably with Cabell;
So long as tyros read with popping eyes
What Mencken thinks of Nathan the Unwise,
And critics keep (like Mencken) the *Andenken*
Of equal weight, what Nathan thinks of Mencken;
So long as Bodenheim in anguish vapors
Of daily wrongs done by the weekly papers;
So long as those uncleanly brats are loose
Who write of sex, yet cannot reproduce;
So long as Volstead Acts are unrepealed;
So long as this shall grieve Frank Crowninshield;
So long as the *New Yorker* seeks to shock,
There'll be sufficiency for you to mock.
Yet all in vain you'll travesty their stuff.
"Themselves they satirize quite well enough."
From quivering lips, I put away the cup,
Which Pope himself, I think, would have passed up.
For spite of all his powers, not even he
Could have much sport with animalculæ.
Oh, for a Theobald mangling Shakespeare! Oh,
For visible idiots of long ago!
Oh, for a Cibber full of life and breath!
You cannot war against bacterial death.
Go drown yourself with Truth. This life's a sell.
On sterling golf my soul prefers to dwell.
Till the eighteenth then, Satire, fare you well.

LEONARD BACON.

A merger which will bring together two prominent American publishing firms, Doubleday, Page & Co. and the George H. Doran Company, with a total capitalization of between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000, was announced recently.

The consolidation, which will make one of the strongest publishing firms in the country, will become effective January 1, through interchange of stock certificates and establishment of a joint directorate. The company in America will have the name of Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., in Great Britain the name of William Heinemann, Ltd.

Among the reasons given for consolidation are intensive advertising and wider sales for their authors. The emphasis which the Doran house has always placed on religious books and realistic literature will be balanced by the more general and educational lines of Doubleday.

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Books of Special Interest

Jewish Farmers

ON THE STEPPES. By JAMES ROSENBERG. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927. $2.50.

By ARTHUR RUHL

IT is a great thing to ride or drive through new country, preferably prairie country, the first green of the wheat coming up. Here, isolated by silence and solitude, and unmussed as yet, by the questionings and half-realities that will seep in with the first shop, you get the pioneer drama stripped to its essentials—man, woman, and the earth.

Russia isn't a new country, but the southern steppes are much like our own West. The neo-pioneers who have started building life all over again on estates the ownership of which disappeared in the earthquake of revolution, are, for all practical purposes, just as genuinely pioneers as were the first settlers of Kansas and Nebraska. And what Mr. James N. Rosenberg, vice chairman of the Jewish Distribution Committee saw, therefore, when he went to Russia to inspect the new Jewish farms and farmers in the Crimea and southern Ukraine, was, in effect, what any wide-awake American would have seen, twenty years ago, let us say, riding or driving, for days on end, through some former Indian reservation six months after it was thrown open for settlement.

Naturally, he gets enthusiastic. The thing is irresistible, and cumulative—as each new white pine roof comes pushing up over the horizon, as you leave each new farmer behind, waving bravely there in the emptiness, like some mid-sea sailor in an open boat. Add to this the fact that Mr. Rosenberg was seeing Jews turned into farmers; white-faced, anaemic slum-dwellers and petty traders from places like Kishenev and Minsk, with a life-time of pogroms and persecution behind them, growing bronzed and horny-handed, and doing what the world had said the Jews (his own people) couldn't or wouldn't do—dig in and make a living from the land—and it's a wonder that Mr. Rosenberg's pen doesn't simply bounce off the paper.

Old hands at the pioneering game, who know that bringing a crop out of new land and making a farm a going concern are two very different things, and that behind most new-country farms are two or three waves of settlers, may discount somewhat Mr. Rosenberg's enthusiasm. Moreover, these Jewish settlers, like many other Communal and other farmers in Soviet Russia, are dodging some of the usual risks. Their land, confiscated from its original owners, costs them nothing, and they are receiving substantial help from the philanthropic organization of which Mr. Rosenberg himself is vice chairman.

However, pioneering in the vast emptiness of the Russian plain is quite real enough, and it is doubtful if the advantages aforesaid more than outweigh the disadvantages. Taking things just as they stand, certainly the facts are interesting and encouraging. One reads such figures as "ten thousand families put on the soil" by the JDC, with an expenditure of $2,300,000, most of which Dr. Joseph A. Rosen, who has had direct charge of the work, hopes to get back from the settlers. The Soviet Government granted in 1926, to the JDC settlers, land with a pre-war value of $12,000,000, plus $250,000 worth of lumber and $1,000,000 worth of long-time credits in cash and farm machinery. The winter crops of 1926, Mr. Rosenberg estimated, would be worth over $2,000,000, without taking into account live stock, machinery, buildings, etc.

None of the settlers with whom Mr. Rosenberg talked, apparently, had any thought of giving up the experiment. He speaks several times of their open-eyed wonder at the question. Most of them seem to have waved their calloused hands round the horizon in the manner of the old-style Indian chief, as they spoke of broad spaces and the distasteful prospect of returning to their old lives of peddling and small merchandizing in the Pale.

The very type is changing. Mr. Rosenberg mentions the "psychological effect of the ox on the Jew"—"the city Jew, nervous, impatient, fidgety, restless, eager. Little by little he learns to adjust himself to the even disposition of the animal, learns something of the value of slow, steady, deliberate, patient work. He can't hurry his ox, his crops, the sunshine, springtime. He becomes a part of the deep current of Nature. Thank God.

"Two years ago this land was a deserted waste. Now it's part of world economics. We see one of the tractors—one of the first eighty-six shipped from America. Two men are running it. One of them talks with me. Two years ago he was a trader in Chernigov. His family was starving. Now he is brown and strong. It is hard to believe he has ever been anything but a farmer. Rosen tells him I am from New York. He stretches out his oily, grimy hand and says something in Russian. 'Greetings to the Jews in America. God bless them for what they are doing for us!' *Do svidanya. . . .*"

This is the style of Mr. Rosenberg's narrative—a diary, jotted down just as things came (he several times mentions dictating in the motor-car) or at any rate made to seem so. The pseudo-breathlessness gets a little wearisome now and then, but the author sees a lot, and for an inspection trip of this sort, the historical present is less cloying than usual.

And what about a Jewish state within Russia? Mr. Rosenberg deprecates the premature talk about this. The Soviet government has already encouraged several so-called autonomous districts or states, based on ethnological lines. If that continues to be the Soviet policy, and if the Jews meanwhile get their roots into the soil deeply enough so that a Jewish district with its own schools, local self-government, etc., seems to develop naturally, all very well. But a "paper" Jewish state would, Mr. Rosenberg believes, offend majority populations and make trouble, generally. In any case, the JDC doesn't want to meddle in politics—simply to help build up a strong body of Jewish farmers and let the future take care of itself. He does seem to feel, however, that the Jewish farmers in Russia might well get more help from their friends in America. "This doesn't mean that after three or four years we have still financially to support them . . . but that they will feel that they are tied up with the Jewry of America, and that, in case of distress, this Jewry will come to their help."

English Records

THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF ENGLAND IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES (1603-1784). By EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER. Volume I. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 1927.

Reviewed by LEWIS REX MILLER

NOT infrequently, he who starts work upon a comparatively limited problem of historical research finds that he has set himself a task for life. It was sixteen years ago that Professor Turner "undertook to write from the sources an account of cabinet government in the period of Walpole." His project has grown until, when completed, it will consist of five volumes. This, with another volume on the Privy Council, will be followed by two volumes on the Cabinet Council, and finally by a study of King, Ministers, and Parliament in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Students of English constitutional history in the seventeenth century will welcome the appearance of this work. The Registers of the Privy Council for this, the great century of English constitutional history, remain almost entirely unpublished. Only a small portion of them have been calendared. Hence, the careful study which Professor Turner has made of them, along with other manuscript records, will prove most enlightening. The substitutes for a Privy Council which functioned in England during the Interregnum, the committees of safety, the Committee of Both Kingdoms, the Committee of Both Houses, and the numerous Councils of State, are exhaustively dealt with.

This first volume carries the story of the Privy Council to the year of its great crisis, 1679. In that year writes, Professor Turner:

> Charles remade his privy council partly in accordance with what he thought were the wishes of the majority in the House of Commons; he promised to limit the number of the council thereafter to what was considered the proper size; he promised that council business would be done in his privy council; and he promised that he would not have cabinet councils in the future. . . . But the attempt to reform the privy council was followed by failure speedy and complete. . . . Yet, had success attended the reform . . . as it seemed to be planned and as Charles II announced it, there might have been no revolution of 1688, and the whole course of English constitutional development might have been anticipated and sooner carried forward.

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We Begin

AND so one more children's bookshop opens its doors. If its wares are intangible, dealing with the idea rather than the substance of a book, that does not mean that they are impracticable. Indeed, to be of practical aid to the buyers of books is at once our hope and our determination. And not only to the buyers, who might be labelled inclusively "Parents," but also to anyone else interested in the development of children by means of books, teachers, publishers, librarians. In short, like most children's bookshops, this one is to be frequented not by children but by grownups.

We propose to set forth our wares on three shelves, marked comment, criticism, suggestive information. That is, usually there will be: first, a short discussion reflecting the eager talk abroad nowadays about juvenile needs; second, reviews of good books; third, lists of special kinds of books, suggestions that may aid the puzzled book-buyer, or any other idea that will give concrete help to the department's readers. This scheme will vary with the seasons. After the Fall rush of publication, we plan to publish some brief essays on aspects of the field not easily covered by comment or reviewing. So here is hoping that this department may become a small-scale forum for the exchange of views upon what we consider a rightfully important field, not yet coördinated or even fully illuminated.

Our shop will hang out its shingle fortnightly, for the rush-season, at least. It will be supplemented at need by the *Saturday Review's* usual juvenile classified reviews.

As for our general approach to the subject of children's literature, may we say quickly that all our sincerity will go into an attempt to treat children's literature not as children's literature! Simply as literature with all due deference to children's requirements. We will try our best to estimate children's books by the same standards that apply to any other class. All of which means merely that we consider that Children Are People—not that we shall abate our care for their special tastes.

Being a function of the *Saturday Review*, "The Bookshop" will adopt the *Review's* policy of as wide a range as possible of able reviewers. We are convinced that many people with authoritative things to say about children and their books are to be found for the calling, perhaps most often outside the range of professional reviewers—notably "intelligent mothers." Progress must be slow because of limitations of time and space, but we believe that gradually new voices will be speaking up for us, commenting, criticizing, suggesting. To them will go the honors of "The Children's Bookshop."

An Old Favorite

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG. By MICHAEL SCOTT. Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1927. $3.50.

Reviewed by H. M. TOMLINSON

Author of "Gallions Reach"

THIS log is a famous book. Everyone has heard of it, but it is not easy to find someone who has read it. But when books of adventures afloat in some odd way appeal to the regular travelers on subway almost as much as drab chieftains appeal to ladies whose duties in city offices preclude over much philandering in oriental oases, then Michael Scott should get his fair share of attention. If a reader can enjoy Marryat, so he will Scott. Mr. William McFee, in his introduction to this admirable edition of an old sea-story, famous because of its robust narrative and generally vivacious but quite gentlemanly character, says the right word, of course, for Michael Scott.

It was to be expected that Mr. McFee would know all about the "Midge" as well as Tom Cringle. Scott, who was not a sailor, was in the West Indies in the early years of nineteenth century, engaged in commerce, and was in the way of meeting the kind of seamen that today exist only on highly-colored posters illustrating what we call Romance. He certainly would not have called himself an "artist;" he was a story-teller for his own amusement and the edification of others. Anyone who reads this edition of the log will have to admit that there is still something to be said for straight narrative which explains no searching soul.

One Little Girl

A CHILDHOOD IN BRITTANY EIGHTY YEARS AGO. By ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1927. $2.50.

THIS is a reissue of a book first published in 1919, the present edition being in the original format with the original (and very charming) illustrations by M. Paul de Leslie. The first edition, coming immediately after the war, was badly timed; moreover, Mrs. Sedgwick's public has since been greatly increased by the popularity of "The Little French Girl" and "The Old Countess;" so it is surely a reasonable hope that the present edition will meet with the eager welcome it deserves. This is not a book written for children. It is a recreation, in exquisite prose, of the life of a little girl, daughter of a wealthy bourgeois family of Landerneau, Brittany, in the early years of the nineteenth century. In the words of Mrs. Sedgwick, "The little sheaf of childish memories has been put together from many talks, in her own tongue, with an old French friend." But "put together" is a very inadequate, a far too modest, expression for what was evidently a labor of love. Delicate, clear, fine, without a touch of sentimentality, the book is something very like a masterpiece; and one may easily suppose that it will ultimately reveal itself as a minor classic.

Charming Tales

ITALIAN PEEPSHOW AND OTHER TALES: By ELEANOR FARJEON. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1927.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

MISS FARJEON is one of a small and happily talented group of English writers for children who are the creators of the delightful "Joy Street" Christmas annuals and of that well-edited and beautifully printed and decorated magazine for children, *The Merry Go Round*.

In the first and longer part of the present book, written especially for "Bridget and Chloe and Nan," she recalls for those little maidens a visit she once paid them when they were living up in Fiesoli, high above the city of Florence; and she does so with such unforced simplicity and charm that we am certain Bridget and Chloe and Nan must have enjoyed every moment of living through that happy time all over again. Furthermore, we are certain that all other children who are not too old for rag dolls and make-believe will completely approve of this book. For it tells not only of pleasant family happenings in old villas and old olive gardens, looking down upon bells and towers, but these memories suggest to Miss Farjeon a number of magic-make-believe stories, full of originality and a twinkling humor that will not be lost upon imaginative girls and boys and that will be especially savored by the grown-ups who are "reading aloud." And those grown-ups who are interested in Miss Farjeon as an artist will particularly appreciate the seeming-casual way in which these stories bloom out from their setting, springing like wild-flowers from the crevices of some old yellow Italian wall.

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A Suggestion

WHY should not a neighborhood group of children form a book-club which at the end of the year could auction off its books to the group? Parents would doubtless be glad to help with advice and financial aid. The advantages would be an exercise of personal judgment with the encouragement of the group, and the opportunity of finally owning favorite books.

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In Memory of T. E. Hulme

(September 16, 1883—September 28, 1917)

By Montgomery Belgion

IT is approximately the tenth anniversary of the death of Captain Thomas Ernest Hulme, Royal Garrison Artillery, who was blown to pieces near Nieuport on the coast of Belgium on September 28, 1917. I want to seize the occasion of this anniversary to say by way of a sort of tribute to Hulme's memory a few words about the intellectualist movement in England of which he—who, as a civilian, was a philosopher and a critic of art and society—was the pioneer. There is the more reason for doing so that in the decade which has elapsed since Hulme was killed this movement has attained to considerable importance. It is the movement which is now directed, on the one hand, by the American, Mr. T. S. Eliot, and his disciples, Mr. Herbert Read, Mr. F. S. Flint, Mr. W. A. Thorpe, and so on, and, on the other hand, by Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Most competent English people would agree that it is *the* outstanding movement in England, and as to its ambitions, it aims at no less than dispelling "*the fever and delirium*" of the age. Yet little seems to be written or talked about it in this country.

That is curious, because there was something in Hulme which should particularly interest Americans. He was so emphatically anti-American. I do not mean that he condemned everything American *qua* American, nor that he was prone to those cheap sneers about America in which just now many smart English book-reviewers are wont to indulge. America is not mentioned in his writings so far as I know, and I doubt if it ever cropped up in his profuse talk. I mean that Hulme's attitude to life was the direct antithesis of the attitude which may be termed Americanism.

But what is Americanism? One gets, I think, an excellent notion from these words attributed to William James: "Our nation has been founded upon what we might call the American religion, has been baptized in the faith that a man needs no master to take care of him, and that ordinary men are very well able to take care of their own salvation by their own efforts." Americanism, in fact, goes further than Protagoras. Protagoras said that "man is the measure of all things." Americanism holds that *each* man is the measure of all things. It is not merely that every American considers himself as good as his neighbor; every American has a complete and unshakable faith in the validity of the individual judgment. This is shown every day, for instance, in the American attitude to books: every American takes it for granted that the worth of a book is decided by each individual's "reaction" to it. That Americans also show an amazing docility in accepting the opinions of certain critics about books does not falsify this: it merely indicates how great is the prevalent confusion. For although Americans are in truth docile and will read a book because they are told they should read it, they insist, once they have done the reading, on expressing their own opinion which, as I say, they deem a perfectly valid criterion of the book's worth. In short, all Americans are (by nature, one is tempted to say) subjectivists, individuals, Pragmatists.

In addition to this absolute trust in the individual judgment, every American believes in progress. He is convinced that the world in general and America in particular are rapidly growing better and better. Likewise he believes in social evolution: human beings—he does not believe, he knows—are rapidly drawing nearer and nearer to perfection. Witness how they improved during the nineteenth century!

And it is something which Americans may well glory in, that this American religion, as James called it, is today the religion of the greater part of the civilized world. It did not, as a matter of fact, originate in America; it originated in France, or, if you like to go far enough back, in Italy and Germany. In a measure it can be said to be due to Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who was a Frenchman more than he was a Swiss; but it can also be ascribed to men such as Pico della Mirandola of whom Pater writes in "The Renaissance" and who was an Italian, and to Luther and Melancthon, who were Germans.

And according as to whom you choose, Rousseau or Pico, so will your diagnosis of the evil be. Both Mr. Irving Babbitt and Mr. Mencken, in America, are the enemies of Rousseau. Mr. Babbitt condemns subjectivism which very properly he calls Romanticism, but he believes, like all true Americans, in progress. Mr. Mencken denies progress, but he is a Romantic. But Hulme was not satisfied with the head of Rousseau; he demanded also those of Pico and Luther and Melancthon; and he denied the validity of both subjectivism and progress.

The difference between Mr. Babbitt and Hulme may appear clearer if European history be described succinctly thus: In the thirteenth century man, thanks to the Church, could obtain peace outside himself; then, at the Renaissance the worship of Humanity was substituted for the worship of God; finally, in the nineteenth century——after Rousseau—man went a step further and adopted the worship of the Ego. Mr. Babbitt is satisfied with condemnation of the worship of the Ego. Hulme would have neither the worship of the Ego nor the worship of Humanity.

Not that Hulme urged a return to medieval Catholicism. He wanted to revive an awareness of the importance of dogma; not to revive what he called myth. As to dogma, he set down in his note-book that "certainly very few inside the Churches of recent years have really understood it."

This matter of dogma is the crux of all Hulme had to say. He did not bother about myth—the notions of God, immortality, etc., because he saw that mythical beliefs lead too easily to nothing except the production of pleasant sensations, they tend to degenerate into sentimentality. But, according to him, it was through the proper acceptance of dogma alone that man could achieve anything worth while, and what he meant by worth while was not making a fortune in Wall Street. The dogma he insisted upon above all others was "the sane classical dogma," as Mr. Eliot calls it, of Original Sin. This means that, for Hulme, man was "essentially bad," hence "limited and imperfect," and man always would be so. Therefore man could only "accomplish anything of value by discipline—ethical and political. Order is thus not merely negative, but creative and liberating. Institutions are necessary."

The whole trouble, according to Hulme, arose from the notion that Perfection was something attainable on this earth; the notion, in particular, that man was improving or could improve his nature. It was this notion which made values subjective. Whereas he argued, "ethical values are not relative to human desires and feelings. But something absolute and objective."

Was he right? The difficulty, as he saw it, was not in having his views admitted as right, but in getting it admitted that such views could exist. Because actually we all think certain things are true because they have always seemed true and everybody else has taken them to be true. An American, for example it might be said, does not arrive at his American religion by thought. He soaks it up unconsciously from his environment. It might be said, for one thing, that originally the conditions of life in this country compelled the American to be an optimist. Thus it is extremely difficult to show an American, not that his own views are wrong, but that there can be any other views.

Said Hulme: "It is difficult to make people realize that the humanist canons are false because they do not even recognize that they exist. Now we only become conscious of such hidden presuppositions when they are denied; just as we become conscious of the existence of air when we breathe something that is not air."

Hulme talked and lectured a good deal and also wrote a number of articles, especially in the London *New Age*. But when he was killed, all he left behind was some note-books which have been put together by Mr. Read and published posthumously in a volume entitled "Speculations." It is very hard from the fragmentary nature of these notes in "Speculations" for anyone not already familiar with the basis of Hulme's ideas to apprehend what he is driving at. It is much easier and indeed in every way better to go to the writings of Mr. Eliot and Mr. Wyndham Lewis.

As regards Mr. Eliot, there are of course his "Poems," his long poem "The Waste Land," and his volume of critical essays, "The Sacred Wood." But in connection with the subject I have been discussing, it seems to me that some of his most illuminating statements are contained in various

(*Continued on next page*)

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(*Continued from preceding page*)

short pieces published this year in reviews. First, there is "A Note on Belief" in the first number of Mr. Wyndham Lewis's review, "The Enemy" (January, 1927), in which he argued that "doubt and uncertainty are merely a variety of belief," and that he could not see "that poetry can ever be separated from something which I should call belief, and to which I cannot see any reason for refusing the name of belief." "For those of us who are higher than the mob, and lower than the man of inspiration, there is always *doubt*; and in doubt we are living parasitically (which is better than not living at all) on the minds of the men of genius of the past who have believed something." Then, in *The Dial* for May, Mr. Eliot referred to a "*literary* generation" which had "come and gone—the *literary generation* which includes Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Wells and Mr. Lytton Strachey," and, he added later, Mr. Ernest Hemingway. He did not explain in so many words why this generation should have passed away, and I have not space to show here why, in his opinion, it has done so. He did say: "Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells are much occupied with religion and *Ersatz-Religion*. But they are concerned with the spirit, not the letter. And the spirit killeth, but the letter giveth life." And the meaning of the reversal of the words of St. Paul is clear enough. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells consider that religion consists in having agreeable beliefs, such as that man is perfectible and will soon be perfect, whereas in Mr. Eliot's view, religion is ritual, that is to say, discipline, a perpetual struggle; and, moreover, a discipline based on intelligence, which is dogma.

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Finally, in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, also for May, Mr. Eliot complained that the contemporary English novel was not in tune with the time. Being under the combined influence of one side of Dostoievsky and of psycho-analysis, it was superficial and fatalistic. In other words, the contemporary English novel has no hierarchy of moral values, it misses "that deeper psychology which was the goal of Henry James." It goes without saying that Mr. Eliot might have made a similar reproach to the American novel.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis must be almost the only living writer whom Mr. Eliot has credited with genius. This Mr. Eliot did in the *Egoist* (a now defunct London review) in 1918. Since then Mr. Lewis has considerably added to his achievement. To his paintings, his short stories, and his novel "Tarr," he has added a book on art, "The Caliph's Design;" "The Lion and the Fox," a philosophic study of a great artist's relations to the great men of action, the statesmen and governors; "The Art of Being Ruled," a remarkable volume of sociological and political criticism. Moreover, just at present Mr. Lewis is constantly being referred to in English reviews as the man who has exposed the "time-philosophy," and from the point of view of notoriety that exposure is certainly his crowning performance. Before the War Mr. Lewis edited a little review called *Blast*. Since then he has edited others. Last January he produced the first number of a very large review, *The Enemy*, he himself being the author of ninety-five per cent of the letterpress and all but one of the illustrations. It was in this review that he exposed the time-philosophy. The world today, he sought to show, is obsessed by the idea of time. Nothing is fixed or spatial, everything is in flux and constantly disintegrating and reintegrating. The obsession presides over the writing of Miss Gertrude Stein, Miss Anita Loos, Mr. Ezra Pound, Mr. James Joyce. It was the source of Marcel Proust's great novel, "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu." The same obsession, according to Mr. Lewis, explains the cult of Charlie Chaplin. It permeates nearly all contemporary philosophy: Professor Whitehead and Professor Alexander are essentially time-philosophers; and so is their father in philosophy, Bergson; so, in a sense, was William James. And Spengler's theories about history likewise result from an obsession by time.

The Enemy, however, contained only a fragment of what Mr. Lewis had to say on the subject. The complete study will be available in book-form; under the title of "Time and Western Man," the volume will be issued shortly. To it I must refer those who may want to know how condemnation of the time-philosophy relates Mr. Lewis's views to the views of Hulme and Mr. Eliot.

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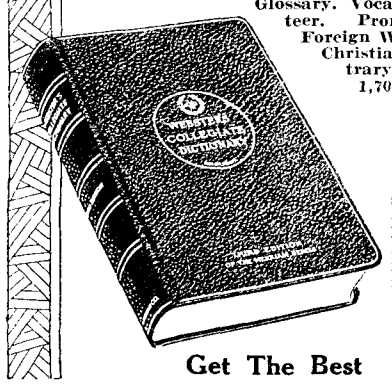

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Points of View

The Frontier

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I'm sure your readers must be grateful for Professor Jay Hubbell's review of Mrs. Hazard's "Frontier in American Literature" in your issue of September 10th. This book is a charming reduction to absurdity of the theory that the frontier was "the largest single factor in our literary history." Mrs. Hazard makes everything a frontier—Brook Farm, the Southern plantation, the gold mines, the industries, the spiritual future. She tries to dress up in pioneer garb such men as Emerson, Cabell, and Dreiser—a moving picture that would make President Coolidge smile. Even Mr. Hubbell balks at this exploitation of his favorite thesis.

For some years past a group of young American teachers have been upset by this theory. They seem to have read an essay by Turner ("The Significance of the Frontier in American History") and very little else. They used Turner's idea by neatly substituting the word "literature" for "history," as though the two terms were interchangeable. Dominating the American literature section of the M. L. A., they inflicted their strange combinations of history and literature on the annual assemblies. It is high time that one of their own faith should stretch their theory to its absurd breaking point.

Perhaps now these scholars will deign to consider the following cautions against their frontier obsession:

(1) Certain items may be important in history but unimportant in art. Frontier life, for instance, is hostile to art and the artist. Border communities do not need and will not support artists; life there is dangerous; publishing houses are lacking; appreciation and sales are small. Such conditions stunt and destroy artists; from them the successful authors flee at first opportunity. The influence of frontiers on writers is anti-productive.

(2) So naturally Western frontier settings are not often found in our best fiction. Cooper endures with all his faults because no first-rate novelist since him has offered competition with Indian tales. Harte still lives because no first-rate story teller has invaded his life. Run through the list of good American novels, short stories, and poems, and note the small number that are laid in Western border settings.

(3) If the frontier means so much in American literature, then in Europe frontier literature should be still more important. There each small country has its frontier, constantly alive, throbbing with suppressed desires, and subject to sudden change. Yet no European scholar suggests that "the frontier is the largest single factor in the literary history" of France, or Germany, or Italy, or Russia. The frontier is a narrow border and the heart of the country lies within.

(4) Almost all literature is concerned with struggle of various sorts. But wherever two parties clash, there a frontier is created. The sequence is natural: literature deals with struggles, struggles occur at frontiers, then literature is full of frontiers. These dividing lines are religious, political, economic, physical, psychological, and what-not. They are a natural part of life and literature. But their connection with our Western border and Professor Turner's essay is a jump of imagination that only American pedagogues, unhampered by facts and logic, could make.

W. L. WERNER.

State College, Pa.

"Dusty Answer"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

When your reviewer of "Dusty Answer" claims that the "beautiful moments build up toward nothing," and that "the book never finishes," it seems to me that she misses the point entirely.

Judith, as anyone who has even a smattering of abnormal psychology knows, was certainly a homo-sexualist. The fact that it was not sublimated led, as a matter of course, to the inevitable mental conflicts which completely ruined her later years. Consistent with this trait was her other one of planning something but never actually doing it—she would write a novel but she didn't; she would apply for a teaching post at Cambridge but she didn't, etc. It seems to me that Miss Lehmann has been very clever in seeing to it that nothing ever did come to Judith; that she never did get any kind of an answer. If she had gotten either one of these the story would have been untrue in its outcome. As it is, Judith is drawn splendidly, and she will wander, I feel very sure, in that uncertain fashion through all the days of her life. Only death will bring her a sense of definiteness and an answer.

FRANCIS DOVER.

More Light

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

May I not have more light (*mehr Licht*) as the dying gentleman said, on Mr. Bates's review (August 27) of F. J. Oppenheimer's "The New Tyranny"? I am a musician. We are famous for our brainlessness. I seek information, humbly. Oppenheimer lays the blame for the war at the door of "Scholarship"—my melomaniac brain got it as the cultural world. This Mr. Bates seems to resent as an intrusion on the antique stamping ground of the Kaiser and Poincaré. At least both dear *hoi polloi* and myself are exonerated by both the author and the reviewer, leaving me and humanity tired but happy. Mr. Bates says: "Hume is a skeptic only in the traditional sense," disagreeing with Oppenheimer. I have batted my poor musician's brain and wearied my bones trying to find things in English, French, German, and Italian in that polly-anna palace at Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street to get the goods on this Hume—alas in vain! I ended where I began, in utter confusion and wishing I were like the doggie in the ad, satisfied just to hear master's voice even *ex machina*.

To get down to brass tacks: does Mr. Bates accept Mr. Oppenheimer's chess line up Mysticism vs. Skepticism or does he not? If he does it isn't clubby to cite Mr. Oppenheimer's label of Aristotle as skeptic where the author is in passing making a contrast with Nietzsche. If he does not why specific citations at all? It isn't cricket. Now we get real, grown-up, European cricket further when Mr. Bates declares the author has "learned nothing." *Magnifique*! Hegel is one of the men it has become positive bad form not to be mad at, so who cares about Hume or him? But that Mr. Oppenheimer, after spending a bad quarter of a century dishing up a five hundred-page *plat philosophique*, remains hill-billy above the collar surely deserves more precise dissection. Will Mr. Bates expatiate? The reviewer grants that "of recent years reason has been concerned with means rather than with ends—it has been mainly the servant of irrational forces."

Are we at a pink tea *à la* Bergson or out in the open of workaday life? Metaphysics, philosophy, the sweet, clean, indoor sport that some of the greatest reasoners that ever lived ridiculed I eat up hungrily, so I do not mean to emulate the Midwest child classic, "Orphant Annie," and mock and shock. I read philosophy with the seriousness of a female at bridge, and only ache to get the bill of particulars in this divorce case of Oppenheimer vs. Philosophy. Reason, Means, Ends, Forces: isn't the mere defining of the words and their works and their workings likely to start a free-for-all like the fond, familiar homo-ousian or homoi-ousian affray? Mr. Bates's Mr. Oppenheimer is "inconsistent." Gourmont, Emerson, Nietzsche—to name a few very dissimilar thinkers at random—snorted with scorn at the charge of inconsistency. That's that, as they say in Brooklyn. Anatole France regarded metaphysics as a manifestation of fatigue, and Ayres ("Science: The False Messiah") puts it in the category with art. Mr. Bates complains that Mr. Oppenheimer leaves us in the dark as to his own position. Wouldn't it be like the "Alice in Wonderland" court-room scene if the judge lost his detached calm and jumped into the roughhouse? Nietzsche ("Unzeitgemässe Betrachtungen"), after pages that are a "maze of inconsistency" (cf. Bates on Opp.) gets off the following wonderful word wallop: "Nature . . . is especially perplexed in her efforts to make the philosopher useful . . . her failures are innumerable; most of her philosophers never touch the common good of mankind at all."

More light—please.

Milton moralizes: "As good almost kill a man as kill a good book."

F. J. MCNAMEE

New York.

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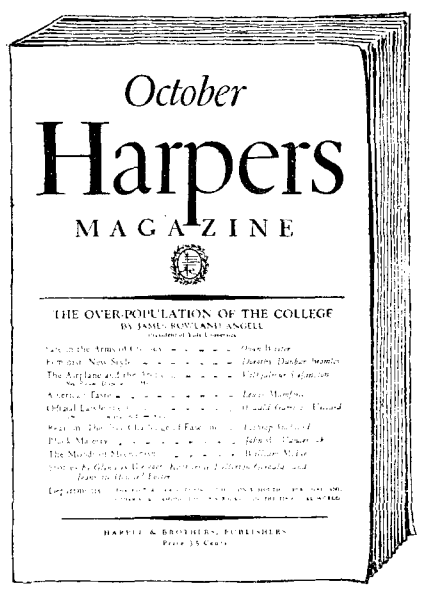
Where Do Bad Americans Go When They Die?

OWEN WISTER knows. So will you when you have finished "Safe in the Arms of Croesus" in the new Harpers Magazine for October. A more penetrating, brilliant, and merciless scrutiny of our national character than this entertaining and disarming dialogue has not appeared. The October number contains also President Angell's significant suggestions on "The Over Population of the College"; Dorothy D. Bromley's enlightening definition of "Feminist—New Style"; Lothrop Stoddard's pointed reply to certain attacks on the Fascisti; and a story by Glenway Wescott, author of the Harper Prize winning novel "The Grandmothers".

In the same number, you will find "The Moods of Mechanism", reminiscences of temperamental machines by William McFee; a story by Katherine Fullerton Gerould; Vilhjalmur Stefansson's practical remarks on flying in the Arctic; and Lewis Mumford's keen analysis of American taste and a lost cultural opportunity.



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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

WE set below the first of a series of Literary Competitions which will, in future, occupy this space every week in the *Saturday Review of Literature*

I

A. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best serious lyric written in not more than four ordinary limerick stanzas. (*Entries for this competition must be mailed in time to reach* THE SATURDAY REVIEW *Office not later than the morning of October 17th*).

B. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most characteristic fragment, in not more than 350 words, from the preface to "Columbus—A Comedy," by George Bernard Shaw. (*Entries for this competition must be mailed in order to reach* THE SATURDAY REVIEW *Office not later than the morning of October 24th*).

Intending competitors are advised to read very carefully the rules printed below.

New problems will be set next week and every week in future. As this page cannot begin to take its ultimate character until October 24th, when the first entries will be reviewed and the first prize awarded, some of the gladiators on the staff of *The Saturday Review* have agreed to sacrifice themselves in a specimen competition which may serve as a kind of model for prospective competitors. Christopher Morley, William Rose Benét, and Leonard Bacon are offered a prize of one cent for

The best short nonsense lyric beginning with the line, "It's daffodil time in New Zealand."

Rival entries will be accepted from readers (who should remember the nature of the prize) provided they reach the Competitions Editor before October 10th.

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with these rules will be disqualified)

1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competitions Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 *West 45th Street, New York City*." The number of the competition (e. g., IA or IB) must be written on the top left hand corner.
2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Only one side of the paper should be used. Prose entries must be clearly marked off at the end of each fifty words. MSS. cannot be returned.
3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry. The decision of the Competitions Editor is final and he can in no circumstances enter into correspondence.

WE quote the following paragraphs by Hugh Walpole from the circular of Lamley & Co., booksellers and publishers of London:

"When you give a book as a present to anybody you give a part of yourself. In giving a book you may show exactly what you think of a friend, you may tell them much more subtly than in any words how much they mean to you, and by that giving them just this book you are telling them that you want them to share your own most intimate thoughts and desires; no other present can have quite this intimacy, if it is intimacy that you wish.

"Or perhaps you are thinking to please them without any consideration as to what your own relationship to them may be. This is, maybe, a finer and more unselfish way. You care yourself for the more subtle delicacy of English literature, 'The Urn Burial,' John Donne, and 'The Anatomy of Melancholy,' but you know that it is 'Jorrocks' that they would prefer and you sacrifice half your fortune perhaps to give them an original edition with the Rowlandson pictures. Or, better than this again, you want to lead them along the road which you think they would like to follow, but have never yet considered; you haven't known them very long, they have told you that incredible untruth 'that they have no time for reading,' but you have noticed in them a certain almost unconscious perception of beauty, a half-bewildered interest in some stray Essay by Robert Lynd or J. B. Priestley, and so you're going to fish for them with a set of the most dazzling flies and you give them Q's 'Oxford Book of English Prose,' 'The Forsyte Saga,' and Frank Swinnerton's latest novel; you wouldn't bewilder them as yet with Aldous Huxley or the poems of T. S. Eliot; they have to be led with loving and gentle hand.

"Or perhaps you're hitting out in the dark; you have met somebody once or twice who attracts you strangely, you would like to know him or her a little better, you can venture to give them a book when a present of another kind would seem too bold and too marked. You want to see whether they will like the thing that you yourself care for, and you send them just what you would wish to have, the Nonesuch *Milton* or the new Constable edition of *Peacock*—that is if you are rich; if not you will try them with the cheaper edition of George Moore's 'Héloise and Abelard,' or if you have almost no money at all, with some of the sixpenny volumes of the Augustan books of modern poetry. And then what excitement when you receive the acknowledgement: 'How did you know so marvelously my taste, how could you have told?' There is promise here for an eternal friendship.

"But in any case when you give books as presents you give *something* that will last for ever. With other presents time and taste may steal from their flavor, but a book, even if you tire of it yourself, passes on from one hand to another; it may lie neglected on the shelf for years and then suddenly, caught by some wandering eye, give inspiration that may change a nation's history.

Last, and best of all, books carry their own purposes with them, they know what they have to do. Never fancy that a book is dead matter in the house where it lies; if you have given it because you wish to send happiness with it there is no end to the rich rewards that it will scatter around it; but if you give a book because you can't think what else to give, because you want to pay little for something that will at the same time look expensive or even (as I know some reviewers do) give review copies to your friends because they have cost you nothing at all, then the book will see that you are punished for your unworthiness.

"It will be understood then that the giving of books is an inciter to all the happy virtues, to generosity, unselfish kindness of heart, and the true love of friends."

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The Play by
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"Saturday's Children" is very different in tone and manner from "What Price Glory" and "Outside Looking In," the two dramas that have shaped the popular conception of Mr. Anderson's work. Suiting the structure and style of the play to the domestic scene, the author has left the Falstaffian burliness of these earlier successes to do what in style and finish is a modern comedy of manners. Yet the colloquial speech and trenchant irony of "Saturday's Children" blend with an almost tender note of comedy to produce a play that has a character too much its own to fit easily into any dramatic classification. $2.00

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE ART OF JAPAN. By *Louis V. Ledoux.* New York: Japan Society.

ARTHUR WILLIAMS HEINTZELMAN. Edited by *John Taylor Arms.* Minton, Balch. $2.50.

THE REVELATION OF SAINT JOHN THE DIVINE. Brentanos.

THE A B C OF ART. By *John Haldane Blackie.* Vanguard. 50 cents.

THE RUSSIAN ICON. By *Nikodim Pavlovich Kondakov.* Oxford. $35.

Belles Lettres

APULIUS AND HIS INFLUENCE. By ELIZABETH H. HAIGHT. Longmans Green. (Our Debt to Greece and Rome Series). 1927. $1.75.

Here is a book about one of the most enjoyable writers of classical antiquity, Apulius, the African romance writer of the second century A. D. That, to be sure, was not his only form of activity; he was a facile and famous speech maker, and a second-class dabbler in philosophy, with a taste for plagiarism. Only one of his speeches has survived entire, but that is of uncommon interest, since it is his defense against a charge of practising magic. Yet, interesting as is the evidence it gives us of the rhetoric and law practice of his time, its chief interest lies in that inventive genius which makes the greatness of the "Metamorphoses." This is an account of the adventures of a young man who was turned into an ass, whence the popular title, "The Golden Ass." The way to get an idea of what it is like is to read it. It can hardly be said to be a moral tale, yet such is its freshness and air of magic that it is hard to conceive of anyone being the worse for acquaintance with it.

It is on this work that Professor Haight frankly and justly lays her emphasis—particularly on that part of it containing the episode of "Cupid and Psyche," whose great and consistent attraction for later writers she demonstrates. The strong point of "Cupid and Psyche" is that, while it always appeals to lovers of pure story, it can endure to have the element of folk tale entirely replaced by allegory without losing its peculiar beauty, which was no small advantage in ages and countries where allegory was a passion. But, though this exquisite story rightly holds the centre of the stage, there is much of beauty and value elsewhere in the "Metamorphoses" to which Professor Haight gives due honor. But, since every reader will have his favorites in such a crowd, we must here voice our single complaint that no mention is made of the delectable and improving episode of the Ass who ate Pastry.

The two first chapters on "The Age of the Antonines" and "The Life of Apulicus" make the book a capital supplement to Professor Allinson's volume on Lucian.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A SAVANT. By *Charles Richet.* Translated by *Sir Oliver Lodge.* Doran. $2 net.

BYWAYS AMONG ENGLISH BOOKS. By *Cyril Davenport.* Stokes. $3.

FRENCH POETRY AND MODERN INDUSTRY. By *Elliott M. Grant.* Harvard University Press. $2.50.

THE FORESHORE OF ENGLAND. By *H. W. Tomlinson.* Harpers.

THE SYLVANORA EDITION OF THE WORKS OF HENRY VAN DYKE. Scribners. 10 vols. $1 each.

THE KINGDOM OF BOOKS. By *William Dana Orcutt.* Little, Brown. $5 net.

THE HAUNTED CASTLE. By *Eino Railo.* Dutton. $10.

WHAT'S AHEAD; AND MEANWHILE. By *Edward S. Martin.* Harpers. $2.50.

THE GOOD GRAY POET. By *William Douglas O'Connor.* Toronto: Saunders.

Biography

THE OPINIONS AND REFLECTIONS OF NAPOLEON. Edited by LEWIS CLAFLIN BREED. Four Seas. 1926. $5.

This volume of over five hundred pages has been compiled from the memoirs of *Bourienne, Montholon, Las Cases, O'Meara, Antommarchi, et al;* and also from the correspondence of Napoleon himself. It is divided into twenty-four sections, each dealing with a particular subject such as law, divorce, literature, history, religion and theory, drama and art. Under each heading are set down the appropriate gems which Napoleon let fall within the hearing of his various Boswells.

The editor had an opportunity to make this an exceedingly interesting book, but unfortunately it is seriously marred in several respects. The proofreading, for example, has been far from careful. In some cases it approaches the grotesque. To state on page 249 that Napoleon said of Wellington that he was "*sans grandeur d'âne*" instead of "*d'ame*" is surely an asinine error. Even more inexcusable for a student of Napoleon is the repeated misspelling of Lord Rosebery's name, giving it two r's instead of one. One would also like to inquire his authority for the insertion of a *t* into "dutchess" rather than the customary "duchess."

The excerpts have been lifted bodily from their sources and set down arbitrarily and without any critical annotation. At the end of each quotation is a number which refers to the end of the volume, where one who is sufficiently industrious or curious may find, by searching, the authority for a given statement. Page references are entirely omitted. For the student such a book as this is practically useless, and even the individual reader who is interested in Napoleon had better consult the easily accessible memoirs from which these selections have been taken.

NAPOLEON AND HIS FAMILY. By WALTER GEER. Brentanos. 1927. $5.

Walter Geer is a successful business man who spends his leisure hours in writing books, particularly on subjects connected with the French Revolution and Napoleon. This present volume is the first of three dealing with the story of how Napoleon's family influenced his designs, acts, and destiny, and carries the story from 1769 to 1805, that is, from Napoleon's Corsican beginnings to the proclamation of Joseph as King of Spain. It is the author's contention that Napoleon's downfall was largely due to the transgressions of his family, which, by the powers which he himself had delegated, often acted against his wishes and to the great detriment of his plans.

Unlike altogether too many books dealing with Napoleon's extra-political life, the present volume is based strictly on facts. Mr. Geer has recognized that the flood of memoirs dealing with Napoleon are often biased and often maliciously incorrect. He has also pointed out in numerous places the inaccuracies even in the memoirs of the Emperor's brothers—inaccuracies which tend invariably to put the author of the memoirs in a more favorable position.

Napoleon is shown as one of a Corsican clan, at the same time aided and shackled by his family ties. As he rises in the world, he lifts his brothers and sisters with him, each of whom takes the favors received as his or her due. Joseph, the elder brother, is always insistent on his position as head of the family. Lucien, outside of Napoleon the most brilliant, is jealous of his brother's success. All are impatient of any restraint, and all are trying their best to get what they can. Napoleon sees their ingratitude, yet constantly forgives them and even gives them greater rewards. If the author appears to be biased against Napoleon's relations, his opinions are amply documented and the reader may judge for himself. It is an interesting book for those who are at all familiar with Napoleon's history.

HENRY WARD BEECHER. By *Paxton Hibben.* Doran. $5.

THE OLD BENCHERS OF THE INNER TEMPLE. By *Charles Lamb.* Edited by Sir F. D. Mackinnon. Oxford University Press. $7.

THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME VIGEE-LE BRUN. Translated by Gerard Shelley. Doran.

GEORGE LEIGH MALLORY. By *David Pye.* Oxford. $3.50.

DEAN BOND OF SWARTHMORE. By *Emily Cooper Johnson.* Lippincott.

RICHARD COBDEN AND FOREIGN POLICY. By *William Harbutt Dawson.* Frank-Maurice. $5.

LORD SHAFTESBURY. By *J. Wesley Bready.* Frank-Maurice. $5 net.

THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN. By *Honoré Willsie Morrow.* Little, Brown. $3 net.

A PIONEER OF 1850: GEORGE WILLIS READ. Edited by *Georgia Willis Read.* Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

GEORGE TICKNOR: LETTERS TO PASCUAL DE GAYANGOS. Edited by *Clara Louisa Penney.* Hispanic Society of America.

PRESCOTT. UNPUBLISHED LETTERS TO GAYANGOS. Edited by *Clara Louisa Penney.* Hispanic Society of America.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF EDWARD MOORE. By *John Homer Caskey.* Yale University Press. $3.

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THE LIFE OF STELLE MACKAYE. By *Percy MacKaye.* Boni & Liveright. 2 vols. $10.

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THE TURKISH LETTERS OF OGIER GHISELIN DE BUSBECQ. By *Edward Seymour Forster.* Oxford. $2.50.

THE LOCOMOTIVE GOD. By *William Ellery Leonard.* Century. $4.

THE WOLF CUB. *By Maurice Soulié.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.

MY BELIEF. By *Luther Burbank.* Avondale.

Drama

MARINERS. By CLEMENCE DANE. Macmillan. 1927. $2.

"Mariners" follows something of the same formula that Miss Dane clothed so effectively in "A Bill of Divorcement." Youth, faced by a problem, is helped to a solution by witnessing a parallel problem, at a more advanced stage, molding the lives of Age. The difference between the plays is nevertheless considerable. In the earlier play the chief interest lay in the young heroine. Now, in "Mariners," the stress is reversed and our attention dwells less on the younger generation and more on the older people of the play. Miss Dane's story, in itself, is simple. Her chief character, an English parson, marries unsuitably, and his wife, a coarse and violent woman, virtually destroys not only his career but also his position in his parish. He contrives by sheer gentleness and beauty of character to make himself loved in spite of social obstacles, and further to disarm much of the unpleasantness caused by his situation. Not to recount the various incidents in a powerful and carefully woven plot he finally dies from over-exposure during an epidemic. The "moral" of the play is that, in spite of all contrary appearances, he loved and was loved by his half insane wife. The application of this to the case of Joan Shepperley and the young man, her lover, who cannot "make good" after the war, is a shade too strained to be absolutely convincing when the play is read. What one would feel if it were acted is another matter. But Miss Dane's dialogue and characterization are masterly, her situations never lack power, and she holds her material together with the grip of a genuine imagination. The new play is a fine and worthy successor to those which have already made her name famous among the younger British dramatists.

THE ELF OF DISCONTENT. By *Rita Benton.* Doran. $2 net.

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THE LETTER. *By W. Somerset Maugham. Doran.* $2 net.

THE QUEEN OF NECTARIA. By *Francis Neilson.* Viking Press. $1.50.

THE PLAYGOER'S HANDBOOK TO THE ENGLISH RENAISSANCE DRAMA. By *Agnes Mure Mackenzie.* Macmillan.

ONE MORE RIVER. By *Ashley Dukes.* Doran. $1.25 net.

THE PRIEST AND HIS DISCIPLES. By *Kurata Hyakuso.* Translated by *Glenn W. Shaw.* Doran. $2.

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COMPANY UNIONS. By *Robert W. Dunn.* Vanguard Press. 50 cents.

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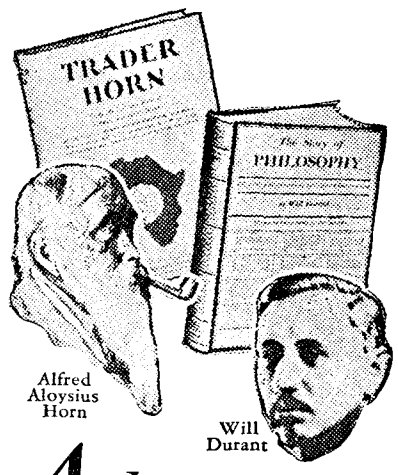

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE MAN IN THE SANDHILLS. By ANTHONY MARSDEN. A. & C. Boni. 1927. $2.

There are novel features in this ingeniously fashioned mystery tale which should commend it strongly to discriminating readers of detective fiction. The principal character, instead of a master sleuth, is the culprit fugitive from justice, hunted by the police of two countries for killing a man with a tremendous blow of his fist. That fatally ended fight, the outcome of a card-sharper's unmasking, compels the slayer to flee from England to France, where for months he is hounded from hiding-place to hiding-place along the coast. He escapes his pursuers repeatedly by assuming various disguises, once even venturing to impersonate the British Sherlock who is tracking him. It is but a question of time and his agility as to how long the outlaw will remain free, for his ultimate apprehension is always inevitable. The puzzle, however, that most urgently goads one's curiosity, is to foresee what possible evidence the author will uncover, after the quarry is taken, to establish convincingly the protagonist's complete innocence of the murder.

THE ENTERTAINMENT and Other Stories. By E. M. DELAFIELD. Harpers. 1927. $2.50.

A new book by E. M. Delafield is a stylistic event. Her words shimmer over the subjects she treats of, lighting them to reality and remembrance. This working with light, etching on a luminous background, is especially adapted to shorter sketches, and "The Entertainment" is a collection of such. The title story is typical of Mrs. Delafield's method. Four characters out of nowhere, more like automata than human beings, move before us in their spiritual poverty, and disappear. There is no touch of explanation, nor any need of it; stripped, these worldlings cringe before the reader. Mrs. Delafield can catch and sustain a mood, an atmosphere, or a temperament as few writers can: the comparison with Katherine Mansfield is inevitable. "This Is One Way Round . . ." is so fragilely blown, so irridescently colored, that its two commonplace characters, whose yearnings lead them only to *clichés*, reflect for an instant that radiance which has glanced off lovers down the cycles. That they will sink into stodginess when Mrs. Delafield's pen leaves them is irrelevant; they are caught eternally in their moment. "The Tortoise" might have been excerpted from "To the Lighthouse" with no appreciable let-down from the Woolf style. (Which is not to say that Mrs. Delafield could have maintained this level through novel length). Many of the selections in the volume are less successful, but the good work is much more significant than the bad. The book deserves a wide reading in America (Mrs. Delafield is English-French) where the short story has, for the most part, taken so different a turn.

MORNING THUNDER. By NALBRO BARTLEY. Doran. 1927. $2.

This is a retelling of the old tale of youth confined seeking freedom, of youth in ugliness seeking beauty, of youth provincial seeking the world. Abby Bryant of Newfane is the youth in this case and her seeking leads her no farther than New York, but in New York and Newfane she finds adventure enough to fill two novels and love enough, fortunately, to end one. There is never an idle moment in the three hundred and twelve pages. The action skips about among small town tempests in tea-pots, shot-gun marriages, hall bedroom life in New York, the "wild life" of the theatrical world, passionate Italian baritones, amorous impresarios, thwarted virgins inclined amok, wives leaving home, wives returning home, and much more. In spite of this list, Miss Hartley really makes a specialty of the intimate note in fiction. The theme of family life appeals to her, and she handles with ease a mother, father, and any probable number of offspring. She succeeds particularly in reproducing the stultifying atmosphere of homes with too many people and too little money. Certain phases of character she catches to the life, other phases lie beyond her so that her people are often either narrow or unfinished. When she seems nearest to reality she is most likely to collapse into the stereotyped. She asks vital questions, but she gives sawdust answers. It is obviously easy for her to write, it is well known that she has a large audience; perhaps these are not likely to bring upon an author that chaos which alone, according to Nietzsche, can give birth to a dancing star.

COASTER CAPTAIN. A Tale of the Boston Waterfront. By JAMES B. CONNOLLY. Macy-Masius. 1927. $2.

Hardly a sophisticated tale, this "Coaster Captain," and yet it contains two characters and one episode of definite interest. We enjoy Captain Jan Tingloff and his friend Jack Hoey; we recognize them as members of the Joseph C. Lincoln school of bluff old sailormen with hearts of gold. These two would be more agreeable if we were not always so certain of their unsullied virtue, but still their characters are individualized enough to lend an air of truth. The episode of interest is the gradual foundering of the Boston-Portland night boat. We grow apprehensive as the danger-signs increase; the imminent tragedy seems genuinely fearful. But in all else, "Coaster Captain" is merely tolerable. Sometimes Mr. Connolly fairly runs amuck with irrevelant detail; now spurious sentiment occasionally enters. In general, the novel is fair entertainment without being skilful in any large way. Its subtitle, "A Tale of the Boston Waterfront," promises more local color than is delivered.

THE YELLOW CORSAIR. By JAMES W. BENNETT. Duffield. 1927. $2.

Good, substantial melodrama, fleetingly touched by the faint, soft light of sentiment, occupies Mr. Bennett's second novel of modern China, "The Yellow Corsair." Evidently the narrative comes from one who is thoroughly familiar with customs and manners in the large Chinese seaports; we never hesitate about accepting the local color and the atmosphere, for they are always persuasive. Furthermore, Mr. Bennett is gentleman enough to refrain from cursing either Oriental or Occidental civilization; the novel is no tract, contains no brief for this party or the other. To find such a dispassionate use of the Chinese scene is surely gratifying. The main incidents are concerned with the abduction of an American girl by Chinese pirates, and her rescue, after genuinely startling and imaginative adventures, by the mysterious though highly efficient Gregory MacDonald. Scenes during anti-foreign demonstrations are vivid, and the old crack-brained missionary to the pirates is a remarkably effective character. All in all, we can recommend this novel as a pleasantly unconventional adventure story that does not outrage common sense. In view of this year's troubles in China, Mr. Bennett's work has the added value of timeliness.

YOUNG LOW. By *George Dorsey*. Doran. $2.50 net.

THE CASEMENT. By *Frank Swinnerton*. Doran. $2.50 net.

I PRONOUNCE THEM. By *G. A. Studdert Kennedy*. Doran. $2 net.

GOBLIN MARKET. By *H. de Vere Stacpoole*. Doran. $2.50 net.

CHIVALRY PEAK. By *Irwin S. Cobb*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

TRAVESTY. By *Clare Thornton*. Cosmopolitan. $2.

THE HOUSE OF FULFILMENT. By *L. Adams Beck*. Cosmopolitan. $2.50.

THE WORLD'S BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1927. Doran.

MOOR FIRES. By *E. H. Young*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

THE TRAITOR'S GATE. By *Edgar Wallace*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

ALAS, POOR YORICK. By *Alfred H. Bill*. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

THE RED DRAGON. By *Lewis Stanton Palen*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

COME TO MY HOUSE. By *Arthur Somers Roche*. Century. $2.

NOT FOR PUBLICATION. By *Clara Sharpe Hough*. Century. $2.

THE MASTER MIND. By *Cleveland Moffett*. Appleton. $2.

HER CLOSED HANDS. By *Putnam Weale*. Macmillan. $2.50.

History

THE DEFENCE OF PIEDMONT 1742-1748. By SPENSER WILKINSON. Oxford University Press. 1927. $7.

The present volume was designed to show the debt which Napoleon as a general owed to his French predecessors in Italy during the War of the Austrian Succession. It deals, therefore, chiefly with the military movements and the tactics employed by Corti, Maillebois, and Bourcet to get at Italy through Piedmont. Underlying the story of military events is the determined effort of Elizabeth Farnese, the ambitious wife of Philip V of Spain, to obtain Italian thrones for her sons at the expense of Maria Theresa of Austria.

There is an interesting group of pages devoted to eighteenth century armies, which were so slow and deliberate in pursuing the set technique of war that the enemy often had time to march away while the attacking force was forming its line. The author might well have quoted the anecdote told of a certain commander of the French guard in one of these eighteenth century battles who advanced in front of the line, took off his hat, bowed to his English opponents, and said politely: "Gentlemen of the English Guard: Fire first!" He does point out that it took Marlborough five years to bring to pass five battles, although they were deadly enough once they were joined.

The author, formerly Chichele Professor of Military History at Oxford, has already published works on military subjects, such as "Hannibal's March through the Alps," and "The French Army before Napoleon." He has visited personally the passes of the Western Alps where most of the events which he describes took place. Maps have been prepared in exhaustive detail showing all phases of the various campaigns. While it is an excellent book for the student of military history, it is probably somewhat too technical for the general reader.

THE CAPTURE OF OLD VINCENNES. By *Milo M. Quaife*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.75.

WHY ROME FELL. By *Edward Lucas White*. Harpers. $3.50.

SOUTH AMERICA. By *E. W. Shanahan*. Dutton. $3.75.

THE GREAT DAYS OF VERSAILLES. By *G. F. Bradby*. Scribners. $3.50.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By *A. Aulard*. Little, Brown. $3 net.

THE INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA. From "The Jesuit Relations and Other Documents." Selected and edited by *Edna Kenton*. Harcourt, Brace. 2 vols. $10.

THE PARIS EMBASSY. By *Beckles Willson*. Stokes. $5.

Poetry

CITADELS. By MARGUERITE WILKINSON. Macmillan. 1927. $1.50.

Mrs. Wilkinson is not a poet who will be popular while our current poetical modes and manners remain in fashion. Much of her verse is religious and devotional and thus moves against the grain of the times. But it would be a miserably narrow criticism that could not recognize in these lyrics and sonnets the sound of a ringingly genuine voice; for Mrs. Wilkinson writes convincingly out of a conviction concerning the validity of her spiritual experiences. Most people who write poetry today, and many who read it, may disagree with her beliefs. A few, acquainted with the latest theories criticism has offered, would probably insist that such beliefs as Mrs. Wilkinson's automatically invalidate poetry. Most others will be sensitive and undogmatic enough to recognize the passionate honesty, the art, and therefore the quiet power of the "Sonnets of a New Birth." She is utterly unpretentious.

Gold, myrrh and frankincense—
Still I have none.
Oh, take the long and tense
Ache of my folly, Lord
From me of all Thy fools the sorriest one.

Her chief fault—if it can truly be called a fault in poetry of a religious character—lies in the almost unavoidable vagueness of innumerable abstract nouns. That these words (beauty, glory, love, etc.,) have very definite meanings for herself one cannot doubt. But she does not seem to recognize what dangerous accretions have gradually altered the shapes of their meanings in recent years. What religious verse needs today is a new symbolism. Mrs. Wilkinson, like many a worse poet and a few better, persists in using the old symbolism and thus fails very often to individualize her personal experience for the reader who is not already in sympathy with her ideas. In short, the mood of her work is excellent, but some of the means she uses to utter it have the effect of a falsification. Nevertheless "Citadels" is an impressive little book.

PERSUASIONS TO JOY. By *Earl Fisk*. Doran. $2.50.

SPORTING VERSE. By *Adam Lindsay Gordon*. Scribners. $5.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE ANTHRACITE MINER. By *George G. Korson*. Hitchcock. $3.

THE LEGEND OF AMERICA AND OTHER POEMS. By *Demetrios Michalaros*. New York: American Hellenic Publishing Co.

THE FALL MAN. By *Donald Davidson*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

Science

THE NATURE OF THE WORLD AND OF MAN. Edited by H. H. NEWMAN. University of Chicago. 1927. $5.

This excellent book by a group of specialists in the University of Chicago was favorably reviewed by *The Saturday Review* on its first appearance. It is now reissued with changes and revisions resulting from "valuable constructive criticism" of the first edition. Obviously a symposium on the conclusions of contemporary science must be kept up to date, and this reissue is a step in a plan to keep the book "abreast of the most recent advances in science."

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

MRS. H. H. HANNA, whose lectures are a feature of life in Indianapolis, sends me the following additions to the list of "prison literature" provided lately for W. H. B., New York, from material used in her lecture on this subject two years ago: The Letters of St. Paul to the Ephesians, Philippians and Colossians, dictated in prison in Rome by the hand of Tychichus and signed by Paul; the letter to Philemon was written by his own hand. Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy." Tyndal's version of the Scriptures. Two poems at least by Richard Lovelace, of which the best is "To Althea from Prison." Marco Polo told his adventures to a fellow-prisoner who was released and wrote them in his name. Roger Bacon did much original scientific work while imprisoned for fourteen years. Abraham Cowley while in prison in France studied the subject of the Pindaric and other Greek odes and wrote his series called "Pindaric Odes," from their fine rapture and dramatic element. Sir Walter Raleigh wrote from prison his "History of the World" and some of the most beautiful letters ever written. John Bunyan wrote in jail "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Life and Death of Mr. Badman." Just how much of the writing of Daniel Defoe was done in prison it is hard to determine, but he spent many terms there and seems to have written parts of many of his forty-odd books during his enforced activity. Matthew Prior wrote from prison the long (and dull) poem "Alma," philosophic speculations as to the relation of the soul to the body of man. Other prison productions are Leigh Hunt's "Story of the Rimini," some of the writings of Thomas Paine, Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," and some of the short stories of "O. Henry." Professor Pitirim Sorokin wrote from a Russian prison works on the effect of hunger on the Revolution and many books on social economics. While in prison as a passive objector, Mahatma Gandhi studied American literature to learn why America did not support Indian resistance, and wrote some treatises.

Leonard Rehm, Sonora, Cal., names several also on this list, and reminds me that while the place of origin of Cervantes's "Don Quixote" and Malory's "Morte D'Arthur" can be questioned, there is some internal evidence that at the time of writing the authors were prisoners; his list would include them.

The Biblio-Pythons, Goshen, N. Y., remind me that much of Villon's poetry was written while he was sojourning in various bastilles in France. A new book, "The Romance of François Villon" (Knopf), has just been translated from the French of Francis Carco. They call the attention of those interested in this subject to the short stories and articles lately published in the *American Mercury:* "The First Day" in the March issue and "A Man is Hanged" in the June issue, by Robert Joyce Tasker; "We Rob a Bank" in the September issue, and "A Texas Chain Gang" in the October issue, by Ernest Booth. Booth and Tasker are of a group of five persons who while serving long terms in San Quentin prison developed literary ambitions. These selections, he says, may sometime be published in book form. I suppose some of the many novels of Blasco Ibañez may have been composed while he was leaping from one jail-sentence to another, as a revolutionary.

There has lately been an important addition to prison literature. Unless I am much mistaken, certain words of Bartolomeo Vanzetti will outlast much of the extra-mural literature of Massachusetts.

P. S. G., Washington, D. C., asks for a list of books dealing with the general subject of sport in England, and its influence on British character.

"IF British books on sport there is no end: a good beginning for an American is "Sunlit Hours," by Sir Theodore Andrea Cook, editor of *The Field* (Doran). There is the classic autobiography, "Squire Osbaldistone" (Scribner), rescued from a lumber-room after sixty years and a too close association with rats; this is edited with a commentary by E. D. Cuming. There is Edward Darley Miller's "Fifty Years of Sport" (Dutton), describing riding and racing in England, pig-sticking in India, big-game hunting in Africa and polo everywhere; and there is "'Master' and Men: Pink 'Un Yesterdays," by J. B. Booth (Stokes), as British as Simpson's roast beef; and there are "The Works of Arthur Binstead" now appearing from Laurie, with "Pitcher in Paradise" in the first volume. There is the splendid volume "My Life and Times," by "Nimrod" (Charles James Apperley), lately published here by Scribner: this is another revival as it first appeared in *Fraser's* in 1842. There is "Mount and Man," by Lt. Col. McTaggert, D.S.O. (Scribner), laying down the essentials of good horsemanship according to British traditions, but friendly to American methods, and there is Ralph Nevill's "The Sport of Kings" (Doran), full of anecdotes of jockies and bookies, owners and "characters," while a new book, "Yachting and Yachtsmen," by W. Dodgson Bowman, is announced by Dodd, Mead, as giving the history of the sport from the days of Pepys and anecdotes of famous owners of the generation of the Duke of Portland and Lord Brassey and of that of Lord Birkenhead and the Duke of Leeds. As for pure literature, I think that the best fox-hunt in it is John Masefield's "Reynard the Fox" (Macmillan), and the essays in Robert Lynd's "Sporting Life and Other Trifles" (Scribner), are light, bright, and sound. "The Old Stag," by Henry Williamson (Dutton), is a volume of short stories just published; the first is a marvelous study of the life, struggles, and death of Stumberleap, an old stag, and the country in which he lives.

I know no book tracing the direct effects of sports upon British character, and being on these matters in the class of Mr. Nathaniel Winkle, I make no attempt to draw conclusions of my own. Had I attempted to put together the evidence with which English literature abounds, I would have found it apparently contradicting my experience. There is, for example, a classic of the field, Peter Beckford's "Thoughts on Hunting," the first book on the subject in English, and still not only valued but valuable. It was published here by Knopf. Peter Beckford was the son of Julines, whose brother was father of the author of "Vathek:" he gave his heart to hunting and neglected in his book none of its aspects, giving especial attention to the nurture, admonition, and discipline of dogs. The bland ferocity of some of the directions quite make me sick—but he was a dog-lover. What is more, he was one of a nation with whom a dog has more chance of being really happy than in any other country. Sports that involve animals are bound to involve curious compromises and contradictions: St. Francis of Assisi seems to be the only man who really worked out a consistent relation with our little brothers. I shall never understand the sportsman's attitude, any more than I do that of a famous journalist whose recent letter to a Parisian newspaper began by stating that no one had a warmer love for animals than he, and went on to protest against the proposed innovation of bull-fights without disemboweling horses.

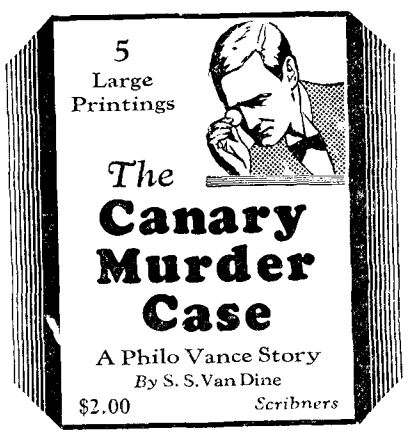
As for the effect of the exhilaration of hazard and the highly developed "sportsman's ideal" on the British character, I know of no better book than André Maurois's "The Silences of Colonel Bramble" (Dodd, Mead): this came out during the war and remains a remarkable piece of international explanation.

E. M. M., Mt. Vernon, Iowa, asks for books about dogs, either as the main interest or appearing incidentally, as in Scott's novels and in Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights."

THE justly celebrated "Reader's Guide Book," with which readers of this column have not been permitted to remain unacquainted, has a section devoted to dog-books. The library of Vassar College has published an excellent list of them, and several other libraries have leaflets that they tell me are much appreciated. Of recent publications the most imposing is the two-volume, gorgeously illustrated, limited edition of "Dogs: Their History and Development," by E. C. Ash, an exhaustive treatment of the subject published by Houghton Mifflin; I was glad to find in it some of the paintings of the English Academician Reinagle, his grandson and namesake was my landlord in London. "The Odyssey of Boru," by J. Allen Dunn (Dodd, Mead), is about an Irish wolf-hound who escapes from a circus to become a free-booter on the plains of Montana. This is not a child's book, nor is Thomas C. Hinkle's "Tawny: A Dog of the Old West" (Morrow), a child's book only, though a young reader would like it; a wild dog becomes the friend of man, and when on the edge of execution wins out against circumstantial evidence. "King of Mapledale," by Loyd Thompson (Appleton), is a good story of an Irish setter. "The White Wolf," by Max Brand (Putnam), is a thrilling tale of a dog among wolves. There is a new edition of the champion book about the Terhune champion collies, Albert Payson Terhune's "Lad" (Dutton), "Dog and Man," by Sloan and Farquhar (Doran), is the story of a friendship of six thousand years. "The Story of Jack," by Horace Lytle (Appleton), involves an Airedale and a setter. The last work of Ernest Harold Baynes was "Animal Heroes of the Great War" (Macmillan), a memorial to the sacrifice not only of dogs, but of horses, camels, mules, oxen, and pigeons. "All Around Robin Hood's Barn," by Walter Dyer (Doubleday, Page), is about dogs that get their owners into rows; Mr. Dyer knows not only dog psychology. Speaking of this, "You and Your Dog," by Fred C. Kelly (Doubleday, Page), is about dog psychology and how to work with it. There is a play by Maurice Donnay in which the character that I always fancied must have been taken from Colette Willy: she is a writer of short stories famous for the limpid sincerity and directness of her literary style; when asked how she acquired it, she says that her father was an animal painter and she had to keep the subjects amused, which she did by telling them stories. Having learned how to reach the intelligence of our little brothers with words, it was easy enough to write stories that would reach us. "Grip and I," by Nils Fredrik Cronstedt (Doubleday, Page), is a story of adventure in Nigeria with a real dog as companion.

To catalogue all the books in which there are good dogs would take too much space: Galsworthy's are always wonderful, and so are Maeterlinck's; Anatole France's are unforgettable, and Jack London's superb. The only Victorian dog I remember at all is Jip in "David Copperfield," as live a dog as there is in literature: otherwise they seem out of the literary fashion at that period, unless my memory has slipped some good example. "Dawgs," a collection of stories edited by C. W. Gray and published by Holt, gets together some of the best-known of these stories and also a number of unfamiliar and interesting ones.

"What and Why in China," by Paul Hutchinson, the first book from a new firm, Willet, Clark & Colby, Chicago, is brief, easy to understand, and keeps closely to essentials; with its help newspaper reports take on a new interest. "The Crisis in China," by P. T. Etherton (Little, Brown), is a much larger work, by a British explorer long resident there; this is illustrated and has maps. In this connection it is interesting to notice the situation in a new novel, "Sun and Moon," by Vincent Gowen (Little, Brown), in which a disappointed Englishman "goes Chinese" and brings up his family according to native ideas. The author is the son of Herbert Gowen, who has managed in "Asia: A Short History" (Little, Brown), to condense the life-story of a continent into a single volume.



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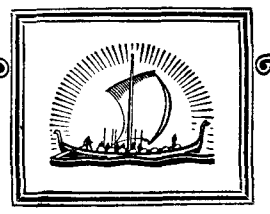

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The Phoenix Nest

WELL, last week we gave O'Reilley his day in court—every mouse should have its day—and certainly we wish him the highest success in his new profession of following the sea. . . . May he go far! . . . But now is the time to buckle down to work again and to try to purvey to you something more in the nature of news concerning the fall book season. Before we go into that, however, we wish to refer to the fact that *Louis Graves* is proprietor of the Orange Print Shop and *The Chapel Hill Weekly*, down at Chapel Hill, North Carolina. He sends us a copy of the latter containing some verse addressed to *Howard Mumford Jones's* "The Bull's Head Book Shop" in the same vicinity, also the following communication:

The Bull's Head Bookshop was established by Howard Mumford Jones in a small room in the building where the English department is quartered, at the University of North Carolina in the village of Chapel Hill. His friends, most of them, were doubtful about the project. They said that in a community where people were used to taking their books from the library the purchase would not be large enough to justify a shop. The success of the venture has been a surprise. The room is out of the way, inaccessible—except to persons who have work in this building—yet the sales have amounted in a few months to many hundreds of dollars. The duties of librarian are performed by volunteers—faculty members and students. Heavy emphasis is placed upon the welcome to browsers, whether their browsing is or is not to lead to purchase. The severity of the room has been alleviated with colored curtains and other adornments. Mr. Jones contributed a column about the shop every week to the village newspaper.

We like to spread the good word concerning such ventures, and also concerning such as that of *T. W. Huntington, Jr.*, Director of the Italian Literary Guide Service of the Italy America Society of 25 West Forty-third Street, this city. Mr. Huntington is publishing an Italian Bibliography in the first week of November. It will contain approximately 1,200 titles classified under major headings such as History, Art, Literature, etc. It will be brought out by The Italian Literary Guide Service of Darien, Conn., and will sell for one dollar. . . .

Louis Untermeyer fairly recently postalled us that, after a six-weeks' stay in a tiny village, Weggis, on the lake of Lucerne, he was onward and northward bound flying across the Alps over Belgium and the Channel to England. "What price," he adds, "Lindbergh now!" . . .

A month ago *Maude Radford Warren* kindly wrote us:

Dear Phoenician:

Since even the brilliant staff of *The Saturday Review* has trouble in naming its cars, I incline to think that my own simple scheme is a time-saver. When my car is new, I call her Kathleen ni Houlihan; when her joints wax creaky, she becomes the Shan Van Vogt. . . .

A. B. of Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, writes to *O'Reilley*:

Dear Mouse:

I note that you correct "coupla" into "couple of." It seems to me that I have noticed some tendency in perhaps less recondite writers to omit the "of"—writing "a couple days," etc. May I ask your advice?

Well, we leave such philological matters to O'Reilley himself. Wherever you be, O'Reilley, come forward and answer this correspondent like a mouse! . . .

Harriet Monroe's esteemed magazine, *Poetry*, reaches its fifteenth birthday with its October issue. Looking to-ward you, Miss Monroe! The number, which begins the thirty-first volume, opens with a group of poems by *Herbert Gorman*, and two poems by *Hart Crane* close the verse section. Miss Monroe's anniversary editorial is of interest. The financial underwriting of this magazine has, from the beginning, been carried on by over seventy annual subscribers to its Fund, of whom all but eight of the present list are Chicagoans. . . .

An original little pamphlet in bright yellow, called "Surprising Statements," has been issued by the Newark Public Library. *John Cotton Dana*, the Librarian, states in a note of introduction that the statements are printed merely as news and as suggestions of things that may seem worth reading. "The Library does not offer any opinion about their value." All sorts of subjects are touched upon, the biological improvement of the race, the nature of morality, why it is easy to attend college in America and hard to get an education, women's improvement of their political position, and so on. . . .

"Ye Gods and Little Fishes" is a book especially for fishermen, written by *Eugene Slocum* and published by Dodd, Mead. *Tom Mason* has offered it the following tribute:

In the presence of his (Slocum's) book you are in the presence of a fish itself. He gave me the proofs to read and the cat ate them!

We are cast into a trance by the announcement that in a recent questionnaire conducted among the young women students at a California college, the order of preference as to authors was tabulated as: *Elinor Glyn, Michael Arlen, Theodore Dreiser, Shakespeare, Louis Bromfield, Katharine Brush, Joseph Conrad, Ethel M. Dell, Philip Gibbs, Peter B. Kyne, de Maupassant, Margaret Pedler* and *Booth Tarkington*. This surely captures completely the metaphorical jelly-roll. . . .

For years there has been no American edition of *James Thomson* on the market. Nor has anyone either here or in England ever undertaken to winnow his best from his worst. Now *Gordon Hall Gerould*, of Princeton University, has made a new edition of impressive size. He endeavors to present Thomson to poetry-lovers as he has never been presented before. To most of us he is known merely for the "City of Dreadful Night" and some short pieces in anthologies. Mr. Gerould's endeavor earns our gratitude, and we await with high hopes a perusal of his volume. Thomson has always been a superb literary figure to us.

Sylvia Satan, sister to *Suzanne Satan*, of Newark, N. J., sends us this most delightful satanic and yet unsatanic poem:

PLUME

Write with a gull's quill sibilant words,
Air-winnowed whispers on silk of the birds;
Write with aerial, foam-tipped feather
Stabbed to the depths of hurricane weather.

Write with a gull's quill; taut navigation
Will scale you down through fog inundation,
And smooth-preened balance with pearl-spring-vein
Waft you dry through savannahs of rain.

Write with a feather blown down the blue
Tapered Ethereal reaching to you;
Take sprayed iris the light shaft brings
And toss back sunrise and ocean and wings!

"Boy in the Wind," by *George Dillon*, is claimed by the Viking Press as its first poetic discovery. Mr. Dillon is an associate editor of Miss Monroe's *Poetry*. He was born in Jacksonville, Florida, in 1906, and entered the University of Chicago at the age of seventeen. There, belonging to the group that included *Glenway Wescott* and *Elizabeth Madox Roberts*, he became known for the fine quality of his lyric poetry. His phrasing is sensitive and fortunate. . . .

Paul Jordan Smith, author of "Cobweb," etc., has prepared "A Key to the Ulysses of *James Joyce*," with a Map of Dublin, published by Pascal Covici of Chicago. They say that it is a remarkably informative piece of work. All who have been puzzled by Joyce should look into it. It will be an item to interest all Joyce collectors. . . .

Willett, Clark & Colby, of 440 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, publish "The Outlawry of War," by *Charles Clayton Morrison*, editor of *The Christian Century*. It carries a foreword by *John Dewey*. Senator *Borah* calls it "A great book . . . clear and courageous thinking." . . .

Joseph T. Shipley calls our attention to the listing of an item in William H. Allen's (of Philadelphia) book catalogue. It is GISBORNE, THOMAS.—Walks in a Forest. London, 1803. Engr. by S. Gilpin. Joints weak. $1.50.

Mr. Shipley adds, "He couldn't have been much of a walker! I am reminded of that little volume in A. & C. Boni's Science Series, where the lapse of an "l" made a jacket read, 'The Love of Pants'." . . .

With which we beg to close for this sennight!

THE PHOENICIAN.

Paul Morand, who once held diplomatic office himself in Bangkok, and so can be assumed to know his Orient, has built his latest novel, "Bouddha Vivant" (Paris: Grasset), about the theme of the incompatability of Western and Eastern ideals. The hero of his novel is Heir-Apparent to an imaginary kingdom, a personality endowed with high spiritual qualities, who is thrown into intimate association with a young post-war Frenchman, too young to have taken part in the struggle. Renaud d'Ecouen has grown up in the period of disillusionment that followed upon it. He takes the Indian Prince with him to Europe that he may there see Western civilization, and dies leaving his friend resolved to redeem the world he has been introduced to. Prince Jali, however, before long becomes convinced of the futility of his efforts, and returns to his own land sadly persuaded that East and West are irremediably different and that each must work out its own salvation.

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"Here you are! Here's your copy! Step up ladies and gentlemen. Don't push!"

This review from the current issue of the *Elks Magazine* refers to *Trader Horn*. It is restraint such as this which has kept *Trader Horn* in second place on the best-seller list, just behind COL. LINDBERGH'S *We*. If the reviewers really let themselves go, the book would be further ahead than its 51st thousand in three and one-half months . . . *The Inner Sanctum* will just have to grin and bear it philosophically.

The Inner Sanctum policy of never using rejection slips may be suspended temporarily, now that we have unearthed the following form used by a Chinese editor of pre-revolutionary days:

"We have read thy manuscript with infinite delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors, we swear that we never before have reveled in so enthralling a manuscript.

"If we printed it His Majesty the Emperor, our high and mighty master, would ordain us to take it as a model, never henceforth to print anything inferior to it. As it would be impossible to find its equal within ten thousand years, we are compelled, tho shaken with sorrow at our action, to return thy divine manuscript, and for doing so we ask of thee a thousand pardons."

WILL DURANT'S new book *Transition, A Mental Autobiography* was written *before The Story of Philosophy* was published. DR. DURANT says of it: "The accompanying 'remembrance of things past' was written in a pleasant vacation time, as an indulgent relief from a year of historical research, but it was done *con amore:* and there are some passages in it which I am afraid will remain to the end the best that I have written."

REV. EDGAR WHITE BURRILL, whose *Literary Vespers* are well known to the booklovers of New York, has this to say of WILL DURANT'S new book, *Transition, A Mental Autobiography:*

"I have this moment finished reading WILL DURANT'S fine book, *Transition*, and I want you to know that I feel it to be even a greater thing than his *Story of Philosophy*. It is one of the finest and most grippingly told life stories that I have ever read. There is an epic width to this panorama of an unfolding soul, and while America can produce men and masterpieces like this, it cannot fail nor fall. Here is hope for the future, sentiment that is sane, and vision born of the soundest thought. I expect 200,000 sales!"

—ESSANDESS

OIL!

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

ORIGINAL BOSWELL PAPERS

THE documents left in the famous ebony cabinet of James Boswell arrived in this city last week as the possession of Colonel Ralph Isham, of Glenwood, Long Island. The new owner declined to place a monetary value on the papers and the purchase price is unknown, but the insurance of $570,000 while in transit throws some light upon what they are considered to be worth. The purchase was made from Lord Talbot de Malahide, great-great-grandson of James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

It is too early yet to give a full description of this important collection. It is now known that the manuscript of the "Life of Johnson," except for thirty pages in a poor state of preservation, was destroyed. From Boswell's ebony cabinet, mentioned in his will, we now have in America the entire manuscript of "An Account of Corsica;" letters from Boswell to William Pitt the elder, later Chatham; letters from Boswel , Burke, Malone, William Ten eplies to the correspondence; the biographer to his wife, to l other family correspondence; ce with Voltaire, a splendid letter from Robert Burns, two letters from Oliver Goldsmith, manuscripts of poems by both Johnson and Goldsmith, and a vast amount of other material of the greatest literary importance.

It is said that the sale was made to Colonel Isham because it was felt that in this country the material would b edited and published than if it r in Ireland. Negotiations have bee way for several years for the purc this collection and they have co intact. Lord Talbot, the late ow herited sometime ago the ancient Boswell estate of Auchinlach Castle in Scotland. He discovered there the famous ebony casket, full of private papers as Boswell left them, and carried them back to Malahide Castle, in Ireland. He also discovered other papers in Boswell's handwriting scattered about a disused lumber room in Auchinlach Castle. These he carefully gathered up and also took back with him. They had suffered much from damp, and this is believed to be the fate of the manuscript of the "Life of Johnson," only thirty pages of which were found. Recognizing the literary value of this find, Lord Talbot decided to sell them in the hope that they would be published under the right conditions and for the benefit of the world.

Collaborating with Colonel Isham, who is one of the best known of the collectors of Boswell and Johnson material, will be Geoffrey Scott, who has but recently published "A Portrait of Zelide," one of the women with whom Boswell fell in love. Chauncey B. Tinker, of Yale University, it is said, has pronounced the collection the greatest literary discovery of the century. The collection is now at Colonel Isham's Glen Head home, and the new owner says:

"This magnificent collection may be dissipated by my heirs, but so long as I live they will remain intact. They will always be available to students, even before they are ready for publication, and as soon as I can, I will give them to the world."

RARE COTTON MATHER ITEM

AS an interesting by-product of a family history and genealogical investigation, William J. Hamilton, librarian of the Gary (Ind.) Public Library has recently obtained a copy of a very rare Cotton Mather pamphlet, "A True Survey & Report of the Road. . . . Lecture at Boston on a Special and Mournfull Occasion," printed at Boston by B. Green for Benjamin Eliot at his shop in King Street, in 1712.

The only other copy of this 46-page item is that in the possession of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, mentioned in Evans's "American Bibliography." Mather's name does not appear on the title page or elsewhere in the pamphlet although the title is listed in Samuel Mather's life of his father and in other Mather bibliographies. Mr. Hamilton's copy belonged to his great grandfather, Robert Hamilton, of Aberdeen, and his signature and date appear on one of the end-papers, inside the front cover of the volume. It is one of a group of four sermons bound together that came into the possession of Robert Hamilton sometime prior to 1812.

Two of the sermons are of the Covenanting period, 1660-1685, unfortunately the title pages of both are missing and as yet they have not been identified. The third is a sermon of Ebenezer Erskine, the leader of the Free Church movement of the time. It was preached in 1734 "upon the Occasion of the violent Ejection of the Four Brethren from Ministerial Communication with the Establish'd Church." Erskine and Mather had many views in common as to theology, Church polity and an undying belief in the reality of witchcraft as proven by the Scriptures. Mather had in 1711 been given an honorary degree by Glasgow University of which he was very proud and the binding of this Boston sermon into a Scotch collection shows some further degree of interchange of theological opinion between these pious representatives of Scotland and New England.

The volume remained in the possession of Robert Hamilton until his death in a farm cottage in Northern Scotland in 1866. As none of his children were then living in Scotland, the book and other papers were taken by an old friend who had helped with the last friendly services. In his family it remained for the sixty years intervening. By a series of coincidences the Gary librarian, whose family in the meantime had lost even the name of the little hamlet, recently succeeded in getting in touch with the neighborhood, and the old pamphlet has crossed the Atlantic again and come to its present owner.

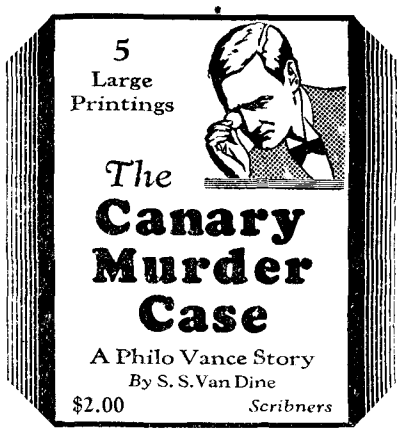
THE CLINTON PAPERS

ON July 30, 1777, General George Clinton was inaugurated the first governor of the State of New York. It was particularly fitting for the New York Public Library to commemorate this anniversary by presenting, in its *Bulletin* of last July, the calendar of the Clinton Papers presented to it by George F. Baker, a member of its board of trustees. This calendar, printed in the library's *Bulletin*, has now been issued in a pamphlet of thirty-one pages, with a portrait of General Clinton for a frontispiece. The documents, proclamations, etc., included in the volume of Clinton Papers, contain 190 items on 112 leaves, among which are two printed broadsides; the whole forming a fundamental record of the State of New York, during its most critical early years. The collection is a recent discovery, its existence not having been known to historians. As not all of the documents seem to have been printed, an indication has been made in the calendar when they have been discovered in print. Undoubtedly others were printed in the original legislative journals, or in the contemporary newspapers, and the proclamations as broadsides. Some twenty-nine of these documents have the personal signature of the governor. Mainly, they are in the handwriting of Stephen Lush, an officer in the Revolution, private secretary to the governor, or of Robert Benson, a secretary of the Council of Safety and a clerk of the State Senate. Besides these there is some writing by Richard Hatfield, acting secretary for a while to the governor in 1778, and there are some attested papers by Evert Bancker, secretary, or Pierre Van Cortlandt, president of the State Senate. This collection of original source material of the State of New York, in its earliest years, is of great interest and importance, and the New York Public Library rightly cherishes it as among its most valuable possessions.

LAWRENCE C. WROTH of John Carter Brown Library is building a very secure foundation for a reputation as the best informed productive student of the early history of printing in the United States. Last year he provided the William Parks Club of Virginia with a monograph on the printer whose name the club honors, who enjoys the distinction of being the only American colonial printer, with one possible exception, whose English trade antecedents are known. This has been followed by a similar study of Abel Buell of Connecticut, for the Acorn Club. It is an outgrowth of the essay on the first work with American types, which was Mr. Wroth's contribution to the Tribute to Wilberforce Eames, and brings together widely scattered data concerning Buell's ups and downs as silversmith, type founder, and engraver of maps and college diplomas.

❧ ❧

The fourth volume of the German official history of the war, "Der Weltkrieg 1914 bis 1918," (Berlin: Mittler), has recently made its appearance. It covers the period of the battle of the Marne, the retreat of the German forces to the Aisne, and their taking up of a defensive position behind that river. The book is in the nature of an apologia, and quite openly offers the statement that the Marne was not the scene of a defeat for Germany, but that the battle was broken off through misunderstanding at a moment when the Kaiser's forces were winning a victory.



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•

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